georgia straight

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•RIVERVIEW AND THE MPA

•LIVING THEATRE, LEARY FREE

Tribute To George Jackson

WEATHERMEN BOMB 3 PRISON OFFICES

WEATHERMEN ANSWER MURDER WITH BOMBS

Last Saturday the Weathermen Underground blew two offices of the California Department of Corrections, one each in San Francisco and Sacramento, as well as an office of the Department of Rehabilitation in San Mateo. Saturday was the day of George Jackson's funeral.

In the Sacramento case a woman caller identified herself as a member of Weathermen and in San Francisco the Examiner newspaper, one of the two dailies, received a letter which said in part:

"On Saturday, August 21, George Jackson, Black Warrior, revolutionary leader, political prisoner was shot dead by racist forces at San Quentin . . .

"Tonight, the offices of the California system in San Francisco and Sacramento were attacked. One outraged response to the assassination of George Jackson."

Immediately after George Jackson was killed the San Quentin authorities claimed that he had been killed trying to escape after two other convicts and three guards were killed. But John Cluchette, one of George's co-defendants in the Soledad Brothers case, said in a note smuggled out of the prison that the guards started firing and George ran into the courtyard to draw their fire away from everybody else. There he was shot in the back but was only wounded. Then, Cluchette said, another guard came up and shot George in the head.

Damage was estimated at $50,000 in the blast at the historic waterfront Ferry Building in San Francisco. The bomb exploded floor offices of the psychiatric clinic for prison parolees. No estimate of damage was available in the explosion of the 17 story state office tower in Sacremento, California's capitol but a $30,000 to $50,000 estimate was given for the San Mateo blow-up. The one story building had most of its interior walls demolished.

Saturday's work was the first attack by the Weather Underground since the Capitol bombing last February in response to the invasion of Laos by imperialist forces. The latest action shows the level of sophistication that the Weather people have achieved.

The buildings were open to the public and had no guards per se, but in the San Francisco bombing someone went in after the five o'clock closing and

—AP Photo.

placed the bomb in an area which they had to crawl into. As well the attacks came one week after the assassination of George Jackson and showed fine planning ability and coordination on short notice.

A man from the San Francisco GOOD TIMES told the STRAIGHT that the movement reaction to the bombings was generally "one of uplift and everybody felt pretty good about it (the blasts)." Apparently the FBI were very upset and were investigating, but they had made no statement.

The local black paper devoted almost its entire issue to the slaying of Jackson and according to the Good Times, reaction in black communities was strong. The Black Panther Party had made no statement as yet.

There have been other actions in California. Last week a Bank of America branch in San Francisco was firebombed and yesterday a different branch was bombed. An hour after the second bank went up, a tall black man walked into the Ingleside branch in the southwest part of San Francisco. He stuck a 12-guage shotgun through the speaking hole in the bullet proof glass and opened up. The desk sargeant died shortly after taking the buckshot in the chest. Then the man stood back and blasted away at the partition and a metal door which leads into the station's inner offices. A woman officer worker was wounded slightly. After his actions the man made good his escape.

On a less intense level several cars belonging to the state were firebombed in the state car pool where they were left.

On Saturday George Jackson was buried a few feet away from the grave of his brother Jonathan. Last year Jonathan was killed in the shoot-out at the Marin County court house when he tried to free some San Quentin prisoners. He was 17 years old at the time.

Georgia Jackson, mother of the two dead revolutionaries , was flanked at the ceremony by a contingent of Black Panthers. She told newsmen and photographers they were "leeches who didn't belong" at the funeral. "I certainly don't want the people who helped murder my son here," she said.

Mrs. Jackson told the crowd of sixty at the quiet ceremony in Mt. Vernon, Illinois that "The reason he's dead is that the state of California and maybe the United States of America decided here was one black man who was not going to cry out." Back in the Bay area a crowd of about six thousand "in a very militant mood" according to the Good Times, attended a memorial ceremony for George Jackson.

The assassination of George Jackson is obviously the focus of attention for many people in California these days. The Weather action was an excellent expression of the solidarity between black and white radicals.

ALBERTA ELECTION RESULTS

by MAX WINSLOW

Well, folks, the winds of change have swept their charismatic way across the virgin fields of Alberta the result being a new Progressive (sick) Conservative government holding the reigns of power.

As the Straight is approaching its deadline Monday night your struggling reporter is chagrined to report that his predictions of Social Credit victory have been dashed and the P.C.'s are on the way in.

At 11:00 p.m. Monday night Peter Lougheed and his merry men were presumably elected in 40 seats, were leading in 6 more and were thus virtually assured of more than the 38 seats they would need for a majority in the 75 seat house.

This compares to the presumed elected 22 seats for the Social Credit party who were also leading in 6. The NDP was leading in one riding, that of Grant Notely, provincial leader of the party.

The three main party leaders were all re-elected while provincial Liberal leader Bob Russell was going down to apparent defeat, poor boy.

Edmonton went almost complete P.C. and Calgary gave the majority of its seats to the same. The Socreds came up strong as usual in the southern part of the province while the P.C.'s showed surprising strength in the central and northern parts, even in the rural ridings.

What remains now is for former premier Harry Strom of the Socreds to make his "we're all friends really" speech and hand the government over to Peter Lougheed who will then make his "yes we are and we are looking forward to a healthy opposition from the Socreds because that's the way democracy works while we forge ahead to new vistas" speech. What Grant Notely and Bob Russell will say is anybody's guess.

Look for a complete tabulation and analysis in Friday's Straight by which time I should be recovered enough from the initial blow to coherently explain what happened.

Right now I'm going to go out and drown my sorrows in a little bit of light brown lotus water and try to forget that the P.C.'s are now running Alberta "where but to think is to be full of sorrow" (thanks to John Keats).

mission faire goes ahead

Soon the P.N.E. will be over. But while it ends an alternative which retains much of the positive vision of the counter-culture will be taking place in the Mission area.

A few weeks ago the Mission Council turned down the Fair's organizers when they applied for a permit, even though they had complied with every requirement of the by-law. The organizers were going to go ahead despite this but an emergency meeting of the Council saw a change of heart on the part of the local burghers, and the permit was granted.

As the Labour Day weekend approaches, the site is almost complete. There is an acoustic stage for performers of various kinds, towers, domes, booths, walk ways above the trees, and many more examples of people's architecture.

The Fair should be similar in feeling to the Gates Park Fair only this time the organizers and workers have taken to avoid the slight commercialism that crept in to the Deep Cove affair. Only ten food booths will be permitted with the hamburger stands giving way to the foreign (good) food booths.

Next issue of the Straight will carry a map of how to get to the site as well as some pictures of what awaits the fair goer. Many things make up the alternative to what now goes down. Pleasure fairs are a way of bridging differences and building futures. We should all support it actively by attending.

ULTRASONICS

"Accidentally left on" during the day was the remark of a supervisor regarding the ultrasonic burglar alarm installed in the London drug store on Broadway at Heather.

The Georgia Straight printed a story early this month to the effect that the device does exist in the stores and stated that when operating it makes people nervous, even though the pitch of sound is too high for most human ears to hear. This was verified by one of the saleswomen, who said when the alarm is on the staff receives complaints of headaches from customers and that babies and dogs become uncomfortable.

Detecters are placed over each aisle, the supervisor explained, and the breeze caused by any movement in the store activates the alarm which is inaudible to the normal ear. He assured the Straight that it is meant only as a burglar alarm and should be in use when the store is closed, but admitted that it has been accidentally left on at times.

According to Kit, a reader of the Straight, the burglar alarm works on the Doppler effect. He can hear it and it hurts. We do try to keep our facts Straight.

INTERESTING TIDBITS DEPARTMENT

Speaking to a fellow the other day who reads the Georgia Straight but doesn't pay for it. What, you say? Aside from the fact that it's not worth paying for, it seems this guy's job is that of collecting garbage, and one of his clients is none other than Mare Tom Cambullshit. And guess what he finds in the Mare's garbage twice a week?

Wonder if the Mare reads it for enlightenment or self-pollution (Spread the dirt around) . . .

An issue of Chatelaine's from the early sixties has a cover story on the women in Peter Trudo, the Traitor's life. It seems the old boy, before hitting the big time, liked to run around dressed in a Nazi uniform giving the porkers a chase on a motorbike. Boy, how times have changed. Now he's with them, except in the same uniform.

THE CONTINUING SAGA OF THE SKEEKSVILLE DANDIES

by JOHN WESLEY HARDING

The Skeeksville Dandies are four cats who play some good, down-home shitkickin' country music (get it on!). In June of this summer, a couple of them followed up an ad in the Straight and found themselves auditioning for the Queen Elizabeth Theatre people who were making their small contribution to the Centennial celebration by hiring on street musicians. Thus, the Dandies were soon on the payroll of the City of Vancouver.

Laird, who plays banjo and who is otherwise known as that ineluctable scribe, that critic of first magnitude, none other than the formidable Ignatious Ripoffsky, explained the job of the Dandies.

"This guy who hired us on wanted us to play on the streets, you know, try to make people happy, maybe cut down on some of the friction between the people and the cops. He wanted us to play on Granville Street down near the Magic Theatre, near the library, maybe the courthouse. He wasn't enthusiastic about our going down to Gastown, and he definitely didn't want us near All Season's Park."

Over a coupla beers at the Dominion, I talked to the Dandies about their latest hassle. They were playing to a really together crowd of about 60 people in front of the Bay at Georgia and Granville. The contrasts were mindblowing. Here were people, all kinds of people, all ages, just standing together in the middle of city madness, smiling, gently tapping and swaying to the music. Jackhammers were blasting down the block, cars and busses were tearing by, and people, like individual, isolated atoms, were scurrying to God-knows-where. In the middle of all this was a group of people stopping for a minute, their minds slowing up, going back to some good time, a pleasant memory.

Laird, Mel, Ishmael and Dane were into a swinging rendition of "When the Saints Come Marching In" when the cops did just that. This one very stern-looking officer, #218, stormed up to Ishmael, all the while shouting hysterically for the crowd to disperse, to move on. The atmosphere was shattered. People were actually stunned, then they began demanding why the cops had shut it down. A couple of really straight people went right up to Laird and, shaking his hand, dropped two quarters in the hat sitting on the sidewalk. If looks could kill, there'd be two very dead cops in front of the Bay.

The police threatened to run the Dandies in for obstruction and vagrancy, and to confiscate their money. #218 asked Ishmael whether they were collecting money for their music. Ishmael was perceptive to the come-on, and realizing that a yes answer would be grounds for "begging", he said, "No, we just put our hat out there, and if people want to put money in, well, we accept it." #218 took down names, and warned against future transgressions. The people were given another lesson in the

dialectic of police power, and the cop was visibly uptight about the lack of support from the people.

"We're thinking of not playing any more", Ishmael said. "I mean, shit, here we are, doing our best to sing and get people together a bit, and the 'forces of order' can't dig that. Why not?"

Mel added, "You know, as unemployment increases, more and more people are going to be in the streets to earn a living – singing, selling crafts, or just plain begging. What are they going to do then?"

Ishmael pointed out that the Dandies do their best not to obstruct traffic flow and to keep the sidewalk clear enough for pedestrians to get through. "Maybe we're too dynamic," he averred, as both Mel and Laird spit up their beer. "No, seriously, we gather a big crowd usually. But, you know, the cops created much more obstruction that we did. And the way they broke it up disturbed the peace too. Shit, we're on the side of peace, not them."

Mel related a story of an incident that occurred when they were playing across the street in front of London Drugs. "About three copcars pulled up, and these six cops were going to bust us for obstruction, creating a disturbance, vagrancy, etc. This one cop was real official taking our ID and writing everything down carefully in his little notebook when this big citizen in a blue shirt walks up. He may have been an off-duty bigwig, or just an average guy, I don't know. Anyway, he says to the cop, 'Leave the musicians alone, they're OK. They're not obstructing, they're letting people by.' The cop doesn't even look up. This guy gets pissed off. 'DO YOU SEE ME?' he shouts. The cop jumps up, 'YESSIR!! 'DO YOU HEAR ME?' 'YESSIR!' and away they go, all six cops. It was wierd."

Ishmael tied things together. "Why can't they give recognition to the fact that we're helping cool things down. What's the matter with them anyway?"

The ongoing hassles the Dandies face when they play their music in the streets is just one small part of a conflict reaching crisis proportions in our society. At the Dominion, we were drinking with this middle-aged worker who had been on strike for five months. After a while, he joined our conversation. When he realized what kind of shit was coming down to people just trying to humanize the city a bit, he said, "You know, I can't believe the way you guys are talking. Here are some musicians who are risking arrest just to play music. This must be a police state?"

Wellll . . . let's just say we're getting there.

Catch the Skeeksville Dandies at the pleasure-faire in Mission this weekend. They'd also be interested in meeting any experienced square dance caller to get some good toestepping going. Contact me at the STRAIGHT if such a person exists and is willing.

ON PEOPLE'S PATROL: GUNPOINT FOR DRIVER

by SYLVIA HAWRELIAK

The people's patrol witnessed a Vancouver policeman pull the driver from a car at gunpoint, then brutally handle the driver and passenger, late Friday night at the intersection of 1st Ave and Clark Drive.

Joe Paige, of 2505 William, was driving East when a motorcycle policeman cut in front of his car forcing him to the curb. The officer, gun in hand, opened the car door and pulled Paige out, then forced his arm behind his back and pushed him to the hood of the Volkswagon where the officer held Paige's face down while handcuffing him.

The passenger, Lee Smith at 863 E.7th Ave, who had been sitting quietly in the car, was then pulled out of the car and, arm forced behind his back, subjected to handcuffing in the same manner.

The Partisan Party's peoples' patrol, working for the Coalition for Community Control of Police, was at the intersection observing another motorcycle policeman at his routine when the event occurred. Dave Hemingway, of the peoples' patrol, said that Smith asked the policeman to leave him alone, what had he done? The officer did not answer, and Hemingway asked what charges the men were being taken on, quoting section 29 of the Criminal Code which states that a reason must be given for an arrest. The arresting officer did not answer the question, but threatened the member of the peoples' patrol with charges of obstructing the duty of an officer.

About half a dozen people who had gathered to watch began demanding to know what charges were being laid against the men, who were speedily dispatched in a paddy wagon.

Upon demanding the badge numbers of the motorcycle policemen they were given to members of the patrol who intend to bring criminal action against the arresting officer.

In court Paige was charged with impaired driving and Smith with creating a disturbance. Both were released on their own recognizance.

Smith stated that he hd been confined in a single cell over night and left the jail with apparently cracked ribs.

The peoples' patrol is part of the Coalition for Community Control of Police, made up of nine political and action groups as well as Native people. Other action being taken is the distribution of booklets on civil rights and free legalclasses at the Free University, 1895 Venables each Sunday. The aim of the Coalition is control of police by an elected body from the community they serve.

This reporter spent an evening with the peoples' patrol last week. Our patrol, of two men and two women, covered the East end of Vancouver with the odd trip through Gastown. Though we stopped several times to check police conduct when we saw them questioning civilians, I realized that running into a situation of misconduct at this time is purely a matter of luck. More cars and more foot patrols are needed to really cover the city. One member of the patrol mentioned that if people phoned the Partisan Party office at 874-6022 when police were acting illegally, the office would dispatch a car to the scene.

We did run into a bit of excitement at the PNE where a bunch of young men were expected to start trouble around the livestock building, but after an hour of watching reporters, RCMP with dogs, city police, police cars and paddy wagons as well as asking questions of bystanders, reporters, police, etc., we gave it up.

The peoples' patrol gives every attention to the law, therefore, we were unable to follow several speeding police cars who may have been on the way to a situation where the patrol could have helped citizens.

In the last few weeks a friend and I were illegally searched in an alley. No hat or badge was worn by the officer who went through my purse and gave us no reason for the search. He asked what our "business" was when we were obviously going into a beer parlour from the adjoining parking lot.

By the way, if you do not know, (as I didn't) the badge number is on the badge normally on the uniformed officer's hat. If you can get yourself to look above the cold eyes, and the officer is wearing his hat, you are lucky.

I witnessed a search in a Gastown beer parlour where the victim literally ran after being confronted by two uniformed policemen.

The officers walked in through a door facing the victim and one circled behind him to put one hand on his throat and force his head back. After the victim opened his mouth the officer checked his arms, presumably for needle marks. The victim, a young man with medium length hair, said "They want to bust me." and left the beer parlour as fast as he could. Not ten minutes later a friend walked in to say he had been searched coming out of another beer parlour and the reason they gave him for the search was "the way you looked at us."

The above are three examples of how not to act when being stopped by the police. In each instance the grounds for search were nil, since no arrests were made, but no resistance given. Surely the citizens of Vancouver (including myself) can't be that terrorized by the fear of brutality that they don't even ask questions. Or can they?

The article we printed in Friday's STRAIGHT on HEALTH IN CHINA was taken from OFF OUR BACK, a collective in Washington D.C.

HUMOROUS DRUG DISPLAY

By KORKY DAY

"The Evil World of Dangerous Drugs" display at the PNE was exposed last issue as a rip-off. It is a side-show type 35¢ display. The Narcotics Addiction Foundation called it a harmful exhibit.

Friday I sold the issue of the Straight with that article in front of said exhibit. "Read about the Dangerous Drug display rip-off!" I called. A guy from the booth came over and threatened to call the police if I didn't stop. I said fine. He was bluffing and came back later without a cop. We argued a bit over the value of his display.

ME: Anyway, it's a question of freedom of the press. (whether I can sell there)

HIM: I might sue you.

ME: Sue the Georgia Straight, not me, silly.

He said something about why should he bother doing that.

ME: 'Cause it's being sold all over the city, all over the country.

HIM: All over the country?

ME: Yeah, it goes back to Ontario; Manitoba.

HIM (in a patronizing tone of voice): Oh, THAT country!

ME: Well, what country did you think you were in?

HIM (with Yankee sarcasm): I'm not sure!

In general, my beef is not that he's discouraging drug use, but that through distortion and sensationalism he's mis-educating, which does NOT discourage drug use at all, and may even ENCOURAGE it. Personally, I encourage people not to use any drugs, but only through true information and legalization will we all be able to evaluate them.

TIPTOE THROUGH THE BLACKBERRIES

By KORKY ("I Can't Get My Name in Print Enough") DAY

We hear blackberries are now ripe on the lower road in West Van and up in the hills. My fave bushes on Kingsway don't seem too fruitful. Since "Free Vankouver's" expose of backyard trees rotting with fruit, it would be heart-rending if all you with info on berries & trees ripening would tell us. Since a lot of it is organically grown, we'd like to turn our readers on to it.

CONFLICT IN EAST AFRICA

In the last few days there have been border clashes between two former British colonies, Uganda and Tanzania, which have gained little mention in the North American press. In the first clash, Uganda claims to have killed a number of Tanzanian soldiers who infiltrated her territory. As a background to these incidents, the Straight publishes part of a letter received in Vancouver from a Canadian now living in Tanzania. The letter was written a few months ago.

Dear comrade,

Things are quiet here on the surface but there are signs of some important developments ahead. Tanzania, Uganda and Kenya have what is called the East African Community which is a customs union, runs the communications systems and other common services. From every economic and social point of view the idea makes sense but political differences are tearing it apart. I never could see Kenya and Tanzania, which have such different policies, working together, but now relations between Tanzanian and Uganda have reached O level. When I came here you could use the money of one country in any other. Then Uganda refused to accept Tanzania and Kenya money making it hard for people to travel from one country to another.

There was supposed to be free mobility between countries for workers. Then last year Uganda fired 80,000 Kenyans for working in Uganda. Then Kenya retaliated. Last week Tanzania put an embargo on many Kenyan goods coming into Tanzania.

The directors of the East African Community Service are supposed to be appointed after consultation of all three governments. After he took over Amin (Ed. note: General Idi Aman, who overthrew Milton Obote in a coup and became president of Uganda) recalled most of the Ugandan directors and replaced them without informing anyone.

Since Amin's takeover Obote has been in Tanzania and has got Nyere's support (Ed. note: President Julius Nyere of Tanzania). Uganda papers are continually reporting that Tanzania is planning to invade Uganda and Tanzania refers to Amin as a renegade, imperialist stooge, etc., which he is.

The coup in Uganda really shook up the Tanzania government. They had a meeting of the central committee of Tanu (Ed. note: the governing political party) and decided that Tanzania must proceed faster with political education and arming of the masses. There were some good editorials and articles in the papers putting forth the idea that it was time to stop talking about socialism and do something about implementing socialist policies. A Canadian fellow who is director of the School of Journalism here in Mwanza wrote a good article saying that Tanzania is going to get clobbered by the West unless she gets rid of her policy of non-alignment and comes closer to her real friends such as China. This is becoming clearer and clearer to many people as the squeeze is really being put on Tanzania from the West. The big shipping companies have just put a big surchange on all goods passing through Dar es Salaam harbour. Many members of the Organization for African Unity are falling in behind the imperialist masters on the question of Southern Africa leaving Sekou Toure (of Guinea), Nyere, and Kaunda (of Zambia) as the only leaders supporting armed struggle for black liberation.

It looks rather bad for Tanzania at the moment but all of this may turn out to be a good thing. It will force people to either shit or get off the pot.

* * * *

I had an interesting trip to the home village of President Nyere which is about 120 miles from here. We spent the day with his brother and the Director of the Tanzanian National Service talking about the country's policies. Two weeks before the President had spent 3 weeks working in the fields with the people which can't be said about too many leaders. He is really well liked by the people here.

Our friend Mitchell Sharp was here last week. (An editorial in the paper was quite good. it spoke of the friendship between Tanzania and Canada but then went on to tell Sharp that it was about time Canada took a meaningful anti-racist stand on southern Africa.)

* * * *

(Ed. note: If the events of the last few days are an indication the situation in East Africa is intensifying and Canada still hasn't taken an anti-racist role on Southern Africa.)

ELLSBERG FILM BEING MADE

A one-hour documentary film on Dr. Daniel Ellsberg will be made next month in Cambridge, Mass.

The film, entitled "The Pentagon Papers and American Democracy," will be released in October.

Ellsberg worked as a researcher in the Rand Corporation think tank, which held a copy of the Pentagon study on the Vietnam War. The film will tell Ellsberg's reasons for making the Pentagon Papers available to the public and his analysis of the papers.

The Pentagon study deals with United States involvement in Indochina between 1950 and 1968 and documents the deliberate deception of Americans and their friends by four successive presidents: Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson. The 7,000 page analysis confirms charges of anti-Vietnam War groups that the U.S. has long engaged in highly immoral aggression in South-East Asia.

The study says Canada's representative to the International Control Commission carried American threats of bombing attacks and war escalation to North Vietnam. Sen. Wayne Morse of Oregon told CBC Radio, "The fact is that Canada never called the U.S. to an accounting for its violation of the Geneva Accords. Mr. Seaborn (Canada's rep to the I.C.C. in effect played hand-in-glove with the Johnson and Eisenhower administrations in their violations of the Geneva Accords.)"

Canada's foreign affairs minister, Mitchell Sharp, said, "If we knew then what we know today (about the U.S. role in Vietnam), we would have done things differently."

The Ellsberg film will be made by American documentary Films, a non-profit outfit distributing films to schools, churches and community groups in the U.S.

Plans are underway for the film to be used by the Peace Movement in their campaign "Set the Date in '71" for withdrawal of all Yankee forces and armaments from Southeast Asia.

* * * *

Ellsberg has spent the past week investigating the prison treatment of his friend, Anthony Russo, a co-worker at Rand. Russo was jailed by a Los Angeles grand jury for refusal to answer questions about Ellsberg's role in the release of the Pentagon papers to the public, for which Russo also publicly accepted responsibility.

Russo's confinement included placing him in an isolation cell, handcuffing and leg shackling. Friday, he was put in solitary confinement for refusing to cut his hair. Prison authorities said they insist on short hair "to aid with identification of prisoners." (Huh?)

In a public plea, Russo said, "The Pentagon Papers were released so that Americans could judge for themselves the morality of this war. This is the central meaning of our action. The misuse of power as recorded by the Pentagon Papers is closely linked with the same attitudes and misuse of power that result in social injustice at home."

He said he was sent to jail without a trial. "The Attorney General," he explained, "offers me the alternative of collaborating with him in his attempt to prosecute Daniel Ellsberg by testifying in secret before a grand jury. For me that is no choice. I would rather tell my story openly to the American people, free of the compulsion of grand jury subpoenas and contempt citations, and not as a tool of the prosecution."

SUPER GRASS

There is $185,000 worth of super grass at the Pacific National Exhibition.

It's planted in Empire Stadium and it's as phoney as The Great American Dream.

The grass, called Tartan Turf, by 3-M, the manufacturer, is a high quality carpet to help stamp out any nature left in our cities.

Made of polypropylene fibres embedded in a vinyl backing, super grass will not shred, and is completely weather proof.

The super color is solution-dyed forever, eliminating running or fading. It needs no watering, cutting, trimming and remains beautifully super green.

A Vancouver 3-M spokesman said super grass. . . er. . .Tartan Turf is too expensive to landscape your home with because of the cost of installation. But never fear, Monsanto Canada Ltd., another company will sell you their version of super grass (called Astro-Turf) at $1 a foot. It costs another 75 cents a foot to install it.

Arthur Clark, who works for a subsidiary of Monsanto, said both Astro-Turf and Tartan Turf are manufactured in the United States (where else?) and are being introduced to Canada slowly. Because of the cost of installation, the companies will only consider big projects like stadiums for the present.

He said Astro-Turf differs from Tartan Turf in that the former is plastic. The latter is only nylon.

Although you won't see super grass on your lawns for a while, it'll probably be at your funeral. Cemetery maintenance staffs use super grass to cover the mound of dirt that goes on top of you when you do your visit to the drop. Ahh, plastic to the end.

VANCOUVER FREE PRESS

L.T. Robinson photos

eleanor rigby from the flute and piano of hot damn, a psychedelic sky, the sun coming warm through the haze at a four o'clock summer angle . . . a moment of clarity for me at the trout lake harvest moon fair
fine sounds, pleasured lowkey people on the grass facing the sun
and music, moving by
old people straight people families freaks dogs a lot of kids
Kids are investigating the help bus.
The trampoline is always surrounded by patient participants.
Over there there's free hot dogs and sometimes watermelon and
other surprising things.

the karate demonstration, early afternoon: traditional drama speaking of fine agressive and respectful emotions, the beauty of skill and discipline, a sense of heightened awareness. it's very powerful in this context of people sitting on the grass, standing around. really turned the kids on, seemed to somehow stun the adults. impressive breaking of boards with a blow and directed mind. excited a couple of dogs too.

The Health Inspector informs the kids running the apple bobbing booths in an oldfashioned bathtub that the water has to be clorinated. Two narks, not finding much dope in this day of natural high, are photographed by the intrepid g.s. photographer. You have an option over here of throwing a watersoaked sponge at a cop (his proxy is a ten year old kid) or a hippy, but people are either too repressed or prefer the hippy.

A gastown establishment sells great roast suckling pig and cheese and tomato sandwiches complete with half an apple, only 25¢. You get to look at the roast pig with the apple in its mouth. There's some kids collecting tadpoles in the marshes. From the VFD, an antique fire engine complete with a pair of congenial volunteer firemen who pose for photos with the kids and rap with curious and active inquisitors. A few merchants of pretty wares wander or have their wares spread on the grass. You can buy a 5¢ cup of tea from the girls of the David Thompson drop in . . .

the tea house is one of the stoned people centers a simple space; mats on the grass, minimally enclosed by tall deep yellow pillars and lengths of burlap flapping in the breeze overhead, a japanese lantern, a wall hanging suspended, overlooking the lake; coffee tables, flowers in an earthen pot; an incense vessel. People engaging each other over tea.

a potter throwing pots, a spinner and weaver; a fortune teller body painters magicians tie dyers paper marbleizers free coffee and pop and a place to buy kisses, your choice of beauty or the beast. backwards forward threelegged sack and push the egg with your nose races with ribbons – not always and only winners – and a real groovy organizer. bingo and bridge players getting it on, courtesy of some church groups. you can play crazy croquet in a balloonfenced space under the trees with faces peering out of the bushes and wandering playing cards, and enjoy transcendental meditation.

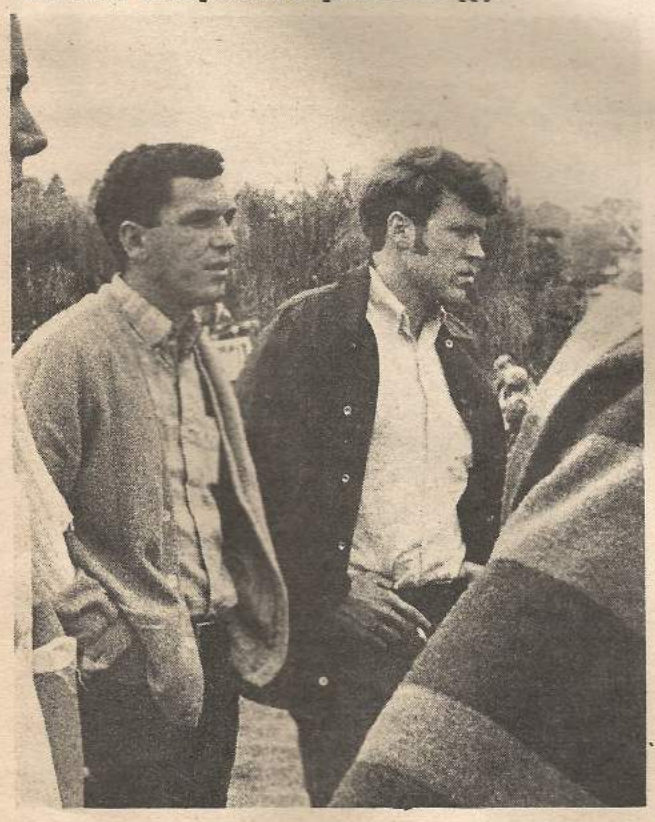
Ah, here's a man showing you how to get out of a straitjacket, in less than three minutes . . .

the haypile engages kids all afternoon and becomes the floor and courtyard space for the 37 foot geodisic dome frame (2 frequency icosahedrin, homemade by apparently some architecture students, of one inch aluminum conduit) and still engages kids – wow such a clear space. i'd like to live in this – from a ten year old long haired girl.

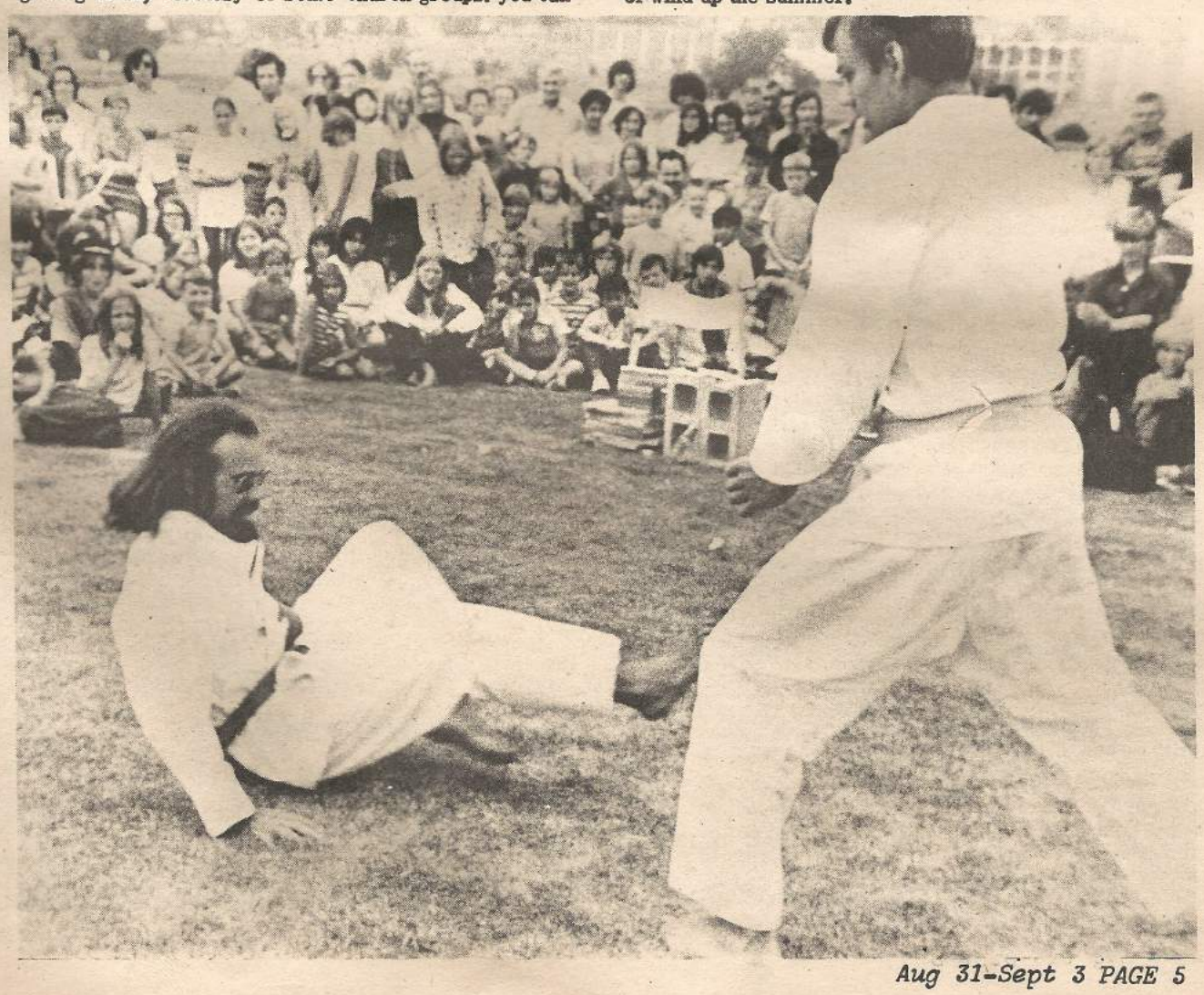
The bijou players danced with amazing zest and real enjoyment, and left some relevant vaudeville humour: what does Trudeau call his water bed? . . . fuddle puddle . . . the rock concert and light show began at sundown, preceded by a baseball game, and square dancing # to a polka band.

This extravaganza of fun and enjoyment was brought to the people by the people through the agency of cedar cottage neighbourhood services, magic, the pied piper, drop in, with a little help in the form of subsistence living allowances from your friendly federal government, opportunities for youth division.

"It was just to bring the community together and sort of wind up the summer."



GUESS THE TWO NARKS IN THIS PHOTO!



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CANADA: THE AMERICA THAT FAILED

Irving Layton at a reading of his poetry in Nelson announced that "Ireland is the Israel that failed"; I felt a twinge of Irish nationalist annoyance until I realized that I had been baited; Ireland is partitioned, but Israel is subsidized, Ireland speaks the language of the conquerors, but Israel (God save her) is surrounded by potential conquerors.

But in contemplating (with a twinge of surprise! – an emotion I seldom feel) the meaning of the cheers of his all-Canadian hippy audience to this announcement, I realized, too, that Canada is the America that failed: parasitizing on the culture of Quebec, so that German emigres and American emigres no longer have to feel like Germans or Americans, after the genocides.

I don't know for sure what should be done with Canada, but when "Al" in your paper says no American imperialism left or right, I'm ready to offer him both fists. BC belongs to the Indians until there is a treaty, and otherwise to the hardworking people of many countries who have BOUGHT HER OUT, for the locals to live easy for a time, which they have now done.

I think the best final solution to the Canadian problem, would be, to give Quebec independence as the free-socialist republic of Quebec or whatever; to restore the independence of the Maritimes and Newfoundland, who can resume their own conference on affiliation before the CANADIANS TOOK OVER under that criminal capitalist, MacDonald, founder of Sudbury. And to put the rest under UN trusteeship, unlimited immigration and LAND-SQUATTING, until there is a sufficient peasantry base for a people's government. To make sure the riff-raff who immigrated five years earlier understand, use the flag as the design on the toilet paper that is to be sold to the Chinese by Mr. Gagliardi. Bring in ALL LANDLESS PEASANTS from China, India, USA, and other over-populous countries. No more "professionals" who increase oppression and raise taxes.

David Drake

PS I realize that I have arrived at this position later than others, and if I researched Canadian literature of the last hundred years (God forbid) later than many probably in phrasing, there being only so many phrase possibilities in English.

PPS I realize too that Mr. Trudeau has agreements of mutual defense with both USA and socialist bloc, thanks to wheat sales. So as would-be roving ambassador, I offer those countries, get rid of your own malcontents and overpopulation, let them eat the wheat here, and simultaneously liquidate your own dependence on Canadian wheat!

PPPS Unlimited hunting till all caribou killed off, who needs em, they wreck the gardens.

MEDICAL RHETORIC

Dear Sir or Madam,

Enclosed you will find a copy of a letter I sent to a doctor of Obstetrics and Gynaecology in North Vancouver, who's name I would prefer not to give. The letter is self-explanatory.

Copies have also been sent to the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and the Society of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists, attn. Dr. J.L.M. Bean, Sec.

It is my hope that this letter will be published so that it might spurn on other women to start speaking out against the condescending and apathetic treatment they receive from their doctors.

Dear Dr.

On July 28th, I came to see you at 3 p.m. regarding corrective vaginal surgery.

I knew that my complaint was a fairly common one, it having been caused by a poorly executed episiotomy, after which sutures unraveled, leaving me with a much enlarged vaginal entrance.

This initially disturbing condition was much aggravated by many years of vigorous sexual activity to the point where I felt the necessity to have it corrected.

After a short consultation, at which time I tried to explain my feelings, you gave me an internal examination.

During that examination you stated that my condition was a normal one for a woman who had had three children, intimating, to me, that I should accept it.

By following statements you implied that I was trying to recapture my youth in seeking your help

By this time I felt very much psychologically intimidated, but was obliged to listen to your further suggestion that my husband and I (after thirteen years of marriage) were inept at making love, while you proceeded to give me unsolicited instruction in sexual techniques, at the same time asking me embarrassing, personal questions.

I came to your office, (after contemplating that decision for a long time), asking for a relatively simple operation, and regardless of your conception of the necessity of the surgery I requested, a simple answer of "Yes, I can help you", or "No, I can't", would have sufficed. No need for moral lecturing existed.

Although you agreed to do the operation, by offering to book me into the hospital at Christmas you implied that I was there on a mere whim.

Now that my anger and humilitation have somewhat subsided, I wonder what would have transpired had I been a man who came to you at age thirty complaining of impotence.

Would you have – (1) humiliated him because he could no longer perform as he did when in his teens? (2) intimidated him by suggesting his love-making techniques were inadequate and proceeded to give him an unasked for refersher course? (3) stated that his condition was a normal one for a man who had fathered three children? – all of which is rhetoric I received from you!

Of course, after this degrading experience in your office, my confidence in you was totally destroyed and I will seek more sympathetic help elsewhere, preferably with a female doctor.

SUMMER OF '71

THINGS THAT COME TO MIND
Vancouver Summer of 71.

And the eternals,
Knowing all things must pass,
Sit,
Contemplating their destiny.

There he was.
All twenty eight ounces of him,
hanging from a cross
in his mother's womb.
He smiled at me as I drifted by.
Hello
I'm going,
leaving me to wonder
at the mind, dying in the mirror.

"Really good" he gasped,
getting off his knees,
she just laughed,
and unstrapped the dildo.

I wanted you when you were here.
Vancouver, I wanted you to say that you were mine.
And now that you're gone,
I miss wanting you.

R. H. Ziegenhagen

Vancouver Town. Mecca of Canada. Oasis of the counter culture. And so thousands, nay hundreds of thousands of hikers, bikers, and rail riders made their pilgrimage to Vancouver, the Sunshine coast of Canada. And thus thousands, nay fifty or sixty thousand, or maybe all of them, like myself, had their illusions shattered. People in the cities are going insane. If Vancouver can't pull it off, then there's just no hope for cities at all.

I don't know who started the myth, Tom Campbell, perhaps, to encourage the tourist industry. Maybe the Gastown merchants are behind it.

The feeling I got in Vancouver, specifically Gastown was not one of belonging to a counter-culture living to break away from the prejudice, injustice and cruelty of the old, but rather, a wild spontaneous (yet planned by capitalists) anything goes rape-off, rip-off madness justified by the "live for today – tomorrow may not come" sickness which seems to pervert everything and motivates behaviour I find deplorable. Things which you accept and even expect from the pigs or the establishment really hurt when they come from "cool" "with-it" "freaks". You don't expect them to be as callous or cruel as pigs, so it takes you by surprise.

Gastown is nothing but a capitalist venture. Maybe we think we're exploiting or making a buck off "straight-folks" by selling them some beads or posters, but the price you pay to join their games of buy and sell seem so very high as far as fucked heads, and relationships are concerned.

Peoples Park is one big pile of shit. I'm so fucking glad they didn't get to establish a tent city in Stanley Park. No piece of earth is so valuless as to allow it to be used in the way those people are using that lot. They can't get their shit together, they can't even clean it up. Such dirt, filth and attitudes of the people as I encountered there make me think: If that's the way its gonna be, build the fucking Hotel.

The Georgia Straight is a good paper. Community and politically conscious, but goddamit, why don't you get your fucking facts straight. Man, the more you misrepresent, the sooner you'll be labelled with a credibility gap larger than the Gulf of Tonkin. The latest misrepresentation I refer to is your headline shaker of August 24-29. No/195, Hostellers Walk Out. I was involved in that protest, I stayed at the Pathetic Hostel for 5 days, and more important, I rapped with almost all the 26 who were out on that sidewalk. I'd say 18 of those people were sober transient youths with blue cards. The others were middle-aged (white cards) red necked winoes or beer freaks whose curfew beef came

VANCOUVER FREE PRESS

LETTERS

Continued

about because the bars stay open longer than the 11 o'clock curfew. The man from the Straight who covered the story didn't try to find out what was happening by rapping with the people, but rather listened to the self appointed General who you saw in the foreground waving his piece-sign (sic) with the stripped shirt.

This cat, with 4 or 5 others were also the only ones who got sleeping privileges the next day. The others got kicked out at 9:30 as usual (woke up at 7:30) (we got back in at 7:00) and were told "Well, you just have to accept the consequences of your actions."

The vast majority of the kids at the hostels were blue card transient youth who were used to staying in places where you do things for yourself, feed yourself, discipline yourself, and clean up your own shit afterwards. Pacific with its rules, regulations, and wardens (P.A. System!!) seemed more like a jail.

And the majority of the demonstrators were these kids who, although they were only staying a few days, were sober and sensitive enough to deplore the rules, and intelligent enough to realize that something must be done as others would follow them into that hell hole. So come on Straight, if you don't bother getting it Straight, why bother to pervert or misconstrue to the point where you're doing a worse job than the Globe and Mail. P.S. Everything Plant said in that Zeppelin interview about ass-faced reviewers is true about McGrath. He's a liability to your paper. He's a liability to the music scene, and to the whole community at large. I don't need to read the shit he puts out. I don't want to read that shit, let him write on the weather report, there's lots in them that he could be down on.

Rainer Ziegenhagen
Whitby/Ontario

MAKE IT OR BREAK IT

Georgia Straight

Dear Sir:

As a British Columbian and a Vancouverite I can recall the days prior to last December's civic elections when the Georgia Straight, optimistic about the new 18 year old voting age, urged the youth of the city to register and vote in the hope of getting Campbell out of office. The point made then was that it only takes 6 months residency to be eligible to vote and it only takes a few thousand votes to make or break ANY politician in Vancouver.

All right! It's time for role call! Hands up all those people who got their heads busted in the "Gastown Massacre" and who sat on their ass last December and didn't campaign, knock on doors, devote time or funds or scrutineer or do a damn thing for any of the several left wing to liberal candidates for Mayor or alderman. The worse of any of these people were infinitely better than Campbell who, it must be remembered, PERSONALLY armed your police with the clubs they used that evening.

Next election it had better be different! Apart from working for COPE candidates in the next election the youth and youthful thinking people of the city could even run a slate of candidates and with a bit of hard collective work get several of them elected.

For christ sake Vancouver is not yet lost like Chicago or New York! We have to get it together and beat these people.

Love to you all and that beautiful city.

Wayne Cannon Pasadena, Calif. (temporarily)

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL

Brothers & Sisters,

Please don't steal things, either from each other or from people or organizations you don't like. Everything stolen is doubly paid for, first by the victim and then by you. Stealing is one of the most spiritually debilitating addictions I have ever known and one of the hardest to kick. No matter how much you have, or how little, it is ALWAYS a bummer to be stolen from. We ALL know that. Remember how bad you felt the last time someone ripped you off? Your things had gone, often when you needed them, and worst of all, your feeling for your fellow men dropped quite a few notches. Some cat thought so little of you that he was prepared to inconvenience you for his own pleasure. You had been handed a bummer.

Bummers are psychic pollution. Most of us aren't strong enough to stand too much of it and so the first thing we do is unload some of it on someone else. Choose one of a thousand ways – steal from someone else, be unpleasant to the next ten people who fill the sole left empty by the thief, be suspicious & untrusting (more careful) in future, be unkind to a cop, an enemy, an authority figure – or even spoil someone's mood by telling him about our loss & bad feelings – and a million other ways that energy, bad or good, passes between us and which are in the most part, too subtle to be even detected much less controlled.

Somehow or other we pass on the bummer. And those who receive OUR psychic pollution, themselves pass on a bit of it. How far do the ripples pass through our family? Do you want the thing so much that you'll do THAT?

Worse, what's it doing to your head? Faced with a choice of the value of human relationships as opposed to a thing, are you going to admit your chronic materialism by choosing things before people? How can you decry capitalism, business, the establishment and all the rest of the monster you believe is robbing you if YOU are a thief? If you are willing to steal the dinner of the dog that robs your larder what remains but a power struggle between thieving dogs?

It is simply no good justifying it by saying "They have plenty," "They can afford it," "They are crooks anyway," "They are robbing their employees, us, the public, the folk etc.," "They have insurance," etc., etc. It is ALL rationalization because it's not THEM who are important – it is US who are our concern. All that matters is that we should stand straight and true in the eyes of the all-seeing one inside each of us. Every lie we tell ourselves cripples us, and ALL RATIONALIZATIONS ARE LIES. Do you rationalize why you make love? Do you tell yourself when you smell a flower that it is because there are plenty? That the gardener is a crook? That the flower is taking food from the earth that belongs to others? If there is any rationalization present in your mind there is AT LEAST doubt. When doubt exists between your desire for things and your feeling that you might be creating a bummer, give your feelings the benefit, always. Don't shoplift "to help the revolution." It doesn't. It increases the world psychic pollution level. It creates more cops, security guards, prisons, judges, wardens, spy tactics and makes one more store that much more untrusting. It turns a revolutionary into a materialistic reactionary and it feeds a vicious habit. Can you see a guerrilla of thieves giving up their aquisitiveness when finally the old regime is over and it is time to build a new one? Can you love me if you know I realize you ripped me off? Can you love me if I pass back your pollution and punish you? Can you ever be free if material possessions have you so hard by the balls that you'll destroy yourself for them? Will you ever discover your mountain if you spend your time scurrying like a rat over a dunghill trying to make off with garbage under the eyes of the garbage hawks? That's what the Christ trip was about – don't sr turn the other cheek and don't get trapped into stealing from thieves. He wasn't moralizing. The little cat they strung up on Calvary hill was a revolutionary – the first western sociologist. He SAW how psychic energy is transmitted between us, positive and negative and he was just saying "Look you all want that positive charge and here's how to avoid all that negative shit. . . ." So please baby, for your own sake, get in touch with your true inner voice and because I love you – don't steal.

John Goble Photo

"FEED OUR HAT"

Tracy photos

by Rick Doucet

If you were to ask me, "What makes Gastown?", I'd have to say, "the street people". And if you were to ask me, "What makes the street people?", then I'd have to say, "the STREET MUSICIANS". They create a sort of atmosphere in which the straight Johns and the street people can mingle. They help break down that invisible barrier between young and old, straight and not so straight, and just those everyday barriers that have been bred into our minds since day one. They even ease the tensions of, and help us to forget, forget, THOUGH WE SHOULD NOT, recent happenings in Grasstown.

Names like the "Skeeksville Dandies", the "Mountainaires,""2nd Hand String Band", and "Tally Honk" are among the regulars, with individual musicians like Dick Coe, Frank Adams, Mel Gregory, Shirley Cox, Bill Terry, Richard Hathaway, and Ignatius Ripoffski, just to name a few, and an old fellow known to all as "Frenchy" who owes his violin to the STREET PEOPLE. The vitality of the music never diminishes as the musicians are constantly forming new group combinations. Instruments used range from the old standby guitar to violins, banjos, mandolins, flutes, harmonicas and even a "Gordo". (What's a "Gordo"?) Types of music played also range widely; from Blues, folk, country, square dance and waltz, to anything and everything.

(to the tune of NASHVILLE SKYLINE RAG)
(slightly abridged)

Country boy goin' to the city
Tryin' to understand.
Country boy goin' to the city
Doin' the best he can.
Don't know nothin'
'Bout the trouble in the city
Comin' every day.
Don't know nothin;
'Bout the shame in the city;
Better be on his way.
(CHORUS)

Mostly Street People will gather around first, standing or sitting on the sidewalk, then the "plastic" people and straights, young and old, and before you know it, you're right in with them . . .

Sittin' on the corner
Thinkin' and wonderin'
How it came to be.
Ain't no sense in all this mess;
It's UNNATURAL Speed . . .
(CHORUS)

. . . The scene is classic; the STREET MUSICIANS, LOOKING SOMEWHAT like minstrels of old, putting out that "feeling", and, of course, on the sidewalk in front of them that same nickel, dime and quarter glued down, visible through the open end of an old hat or guitar case. (Acme Begging Device) DEFINITELY, a most priceless attraction which Gastown and its Merchants can ill afford to lose, and although some of the musicians are already "PARTIALLY" subsidized by the Queen Elizabeth Theatre, perhaps, those who profit by them, the MERCHANTS, should kick in with a few bucks too, at least for the sake of music as a people's activity.

The main problem, caused indirectly by the musicians, is the blocking of sidewalks, forcing people to walk in the street and causing "emotion" among our older citizens and tourists. The musicians are hardly to blame and, as usual, the city is passing the buck. Being originally from Montreal, I hesitate to offer a solution originating from Toronto, but some years ago when they decided to close Yorkville Street (a section of T.O. similar to Gastown and with similar problems) to traffic at specific times, I'd have to say they were "on the ball". On a busy night parking is impossible after 6 P.M. and traffic barely crawls through because of the crowds. Moreover, the streets of Gastown are not necessary to the generalflow of traffic in the city.

As they sing merrily along, eyes watering and throats rasping from the concentrated carbon monoxide emissions of crawling bumper to bumper traffic, we wonder if, perhaps, this is all an act in an effort to secure both the pity and the spare change of the audience. OR is it?

City boy goin' to the country
Tryin' to forget.
City boy goin' to the country
The worst is comin' yet
(CHORUS)

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L. T. Robinson photo

OUT OF THE CLOSETS AND INTO THE STREETS

by RICK DOUCET

On Saturday, the 28th, Canada's first Gay Liberation Rally was held in major cities across Canada with its main effort centering in Ottawa. In a press release dated Aug.20th, leaders of all Canadian homophile groups stated that the Aug.28th rally is only the first in a continuing public campaign until homosexuals have achieved the same rights as other Canadian citizens and that this rally will back up a brief listing of the demands and grievances of Homosexual citizens that is being sent to various federal officials such as Prime Minister Trudeau, Justice Minister Turner, Manpower and Immigration Minister Otto Lang and others. they further stated that this campaign stems from the fact that, despite popular opinion to the contrary, resulting from the Criminal Code amendment of 1969, homosexuals are still second class citizens in Canada.

Walter, (full name not given for obvious reasons) one of the leaders of the rally here Saturday, voiced the following demands: WE HOMOSEXUALS DEMAND

1) THE removal of the nebulous terms "gross indecency" and "indecent act" from the Criminal Code and their replacement by a specific listing of offences, and the equalization of penalties for all remaining homosexual and heterosexual acts; and defining "in private" in the Criminal Code to mean "a condition of privacy";

2) removal of "gross indecency" and "buggery" as grounds for indictment as a "dangerous sexual offender" and for vagrancy;

3) a uniform age of consent for all female and male homosexual and heterosexual acts;

4) the Immigration Act to be amended so as to omit all references to homosexuals and "homosexualism";

5) the rights of equal employment and promotion at all government levels for homosexuals;

6) the Divorce Act be amended so as to omit all references to homosexual acts as grounds for divorce; moreover in divorce cases homosexuality, per se, should not preclude the equal right of child custody;

7) the right of homosexuals to serve in the armed forces, and therefore the removal of provisions for convicting service personnel of conduct and/or acts legal under the Criminal Code; further the recinding of policy statements reflecting on the homosexual;

8) to know if it is a policy of the R.C.M.P. to identify homosexuals within any area of government service and then to question them concerning their sexuality and the sexuality of others; and if this is the policy we demand its immediate cessation and the destruction of all records so obtained;

9) all legal rights for homosexuals which currently exist for heterosexuals including homosexual marriages, equal employment and housing, and freedom from police harrassment;

10) all public officials and law enforcement agents to employ the full force of their office to bring about changes in the negative attitudes and de facto expressions of discrimination and prejudice against homosexuals.

Walter was immediately followed by Roedy Green who spoke of some of the grievances tolerated by homosexuals so far and urged the "Closet Queens" (a gay who refuses to accept his homosexuality and come out) to come out of the crowd. Next and final speaker was Ellen Woodsworth who spoke of some of the problems encountered by lesbians in their everyday lives.

Roughly twenty homosexuals participated in the rally which was viewed by about one hundred spectators. They marched around the water fountain in front of the Court House on Georgia Street carrying placards saying; "Y.M.C.A. Hypocritical", "Homosexuality is not a disease", "End Job Discrimination", and "Repeal Anti-Gay Laws Now", just to name a few and chanted slogans like; "2-4-6-8, gay is just as good as straight", "Gay is loud, Gay is Proud" and "Out of the closet, into the street". And, of course, the ugliness and ignorance of prejudice voiced itself in the person of an elderly lady who kept chanting; "You'll never get equality; the world is not ready to sink that low". When I asked this woman her name, she told me that I'd never get equality and that the world was not ready to sink that low. How sad! One track mind I guess. Anyway, my ole lady got off on it. The rally itself was relatively uneventful, and although there were several policemen in the area, they didn't start anything.

HOOTENANNY
TUES & WED
8 pm
deighton house
110 WATER ST

HIPpocrates

by EUGENE SCHOENFELD, M.D.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

Four years ago I was something of a financial success but also a sick, angry drunk. I had been drinking myself blotto twice a week since I was 18. When my wife left me I began drinking in earnest and a year ago was a drunken bum. I joined AA and maintained a disturbed sobriety for six months. Then I started smoking grass and I quit going to AA meetings altogether.

Is there much evidence that people messed up all their lives have gotten themselves half-straight using marijuana? This seems to be happening to me and I would like to know whether others have traveled the same road. I have the photographs and the scars to prove I was a drunken, over-weight, bar-fighting bum.

B.S.F.

P.S. I would like to know whether smoking 3-4 joints a day since January has likely hurt my lungs. This bother me and before long it will bother me enough that I will quit unless I get some assurance otherwise.

ANSWER: I've know several chronic alcoholics who switched their drug habits and became chronic pot heads instead. Since marijuana seems to be less harmful than alcohol those people have probably improved their health.

But I've also know chronic alcoholics who added marijuana to their drug use without noticeably reducing their alcohol intake. Even if marijuana was the most important factor in your case it would not be effective in all, or even most, cases of alcoholism.

Marijuana leaves a tarry residue when burned. Unless evidence turns up to the contrary, it must be assumed that inhaling 3-4 joints a day cannot be good for your lungs.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

I haven't smoked dope a great deal, maybe a dozen times since Christmas. A week ago, a friend and I decided to turn on in Stanley Park, here in Vancouver. It was a total hash zonk for me and the first time I have been stoned completely in public.

I thought for sure that everyone around me could tell I was spaced and for the first time I got panicky. My friend wanted to go to a movie so I tried to drive and that honestly terrified me. I couldn't feel the pedals with my feet and my reactions were distorted. My friend took over at the wheel and drove back to the park. We stumbled around for the next few hours during which I jumped at every sound.

I feel I am now a person apart, watching myself put on an act to convince everyone else I am normal, at the same time knowing I am somehow different. I feel as though the back of my head had gone numb although I have no head aches. I guess I have really been vague but that is what this is all about, vagueness.

B.G.

ANSWER: Your reaction to what you believe to be hashish is, as you know, unusual but not extremely rare. Some people are very sensitive to any drug (or situation) which alters their usual mind state. Turning on in Stanley Park is common but so are busts by the Vancouver police. Perhaps your sensitivity to altering your mind and fear of arrest combined to cause your head to be where it is now.

Another possibility is that some other drug was added to the hashish, most commonly opium. Analyses of street drugs frequently reveal discrepancies between the contents claimed by dealers and those found in the laboratory.

Whatever the cause, you can be helped through your local free clinic, Cool-Aid.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your letters. Write to him at P.O. Box 372, Stinson Beach, California 94970.

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VISITING THE PARANOID RIGHT

by PETER BURTON

The speaker was opposed to the Trudeau government, to the new civilian intelligence apparatus, and to the Youth Opportunities Program. But any illusion that he was some right-on radical was quickly dispelled.

Pat Walsh, the speaker, is a former member of the R.C.M.P., but now he is the research director of the Canadian League of Rights, Canada's casper milquetost version of the John Birch Society and he gave a rap to about 130 people at a meeting of the League at the Hotel Vancouver last night.

The audience was a curious assortment. The majority were over fifty including a couple of very elderly women who slept throughout the entire meeting. But there were a few anomalies, like the black man who looked very much like a worker and several younger, well-dressed Chinese men.

Sharky and I, both long haired and bearded with appropriate denim attire arrived about a half hour late to enjoy the glares that greeted our entrance. Walsh has a slight Quebecois accent, but he wasn't yet attacking the FLQ. Instead his energies were directed with all the impotence he could muster against the "red regime of Communist China."

In fact the information he was directing to the audience was startling. People like Chester Ronning, a retired Canadian diplomat, and Ken Woodsworth, and many, many more are all dupes of communism and part of the commy lobby in Canada.

Of course these stooges are part and parcel of the apparatus that the arch red, Trudeau, is setting up. (Every reference to Trudeau was welcomed by the audience with oohs and ahs.)

But these people are opposed by the stalwart organizations like, (yep, you guessed it) the Canadian League of Rights and the World Anti Communist Congress. In fact the Congress just had a conference in Manila where they denounced Communism. Mr. Walsh seemed to have enjoyed his trip financed by the little people of their little movement.

After fighting communism by attacking the Chinese people, Walsh went on to discuss the Youth Opportunities Program, calling it a repetition of the Company of Young Canadians. In Quebec, he claimed, you had to be a member of the Parti Quebecois to get Youth Opportunist money. But outside Quebec, according to Walsh, the money went to papers like Guerilla and Antimony in Toronto who preached revolution, to people who used it grow marijuana, and to a fiteen year old girl who distributed birth control information. After titillating the audience with these outrages he told them that the League had stopped the Georgia Straight and Prairie Fire from getting their grants. (Which made me wonder if Ron Basford, Tom Campbell, and Phil Gaglardi are all members.)

And what about this new civilian intelligence agency. Well a few years ago the international communist movement started attacking the RCMP and Walsh predicted this civilian agency would be set up. The CBC and Maclean's magazine were part of the communist propaganda apparatus, he said.

It would be controlled by Solicitor General Jean Pierre Goyer, another Quebecker, whose only qualifications were that he had twice been to Moscow and Prague financed by the Communist Party of Canada. The only recommendation Trudeau needed to give Goyer the job was Goyer's deep-seated hostility to the RCMP.

What would save decent god-fearing Canadians from these outrages. Was the corporations? Why no, for Canada Packers was now the distributor for Cuban rum in Canada and the Canadian money received by the Cubans went to the FLQ.

What then is the only hope? Why the Canadian League of Rights of course.

After Walsh's speech there was a short rap by the local head of the Kuomintang, Chiang Kai-shek's fascist organization. During Walsh's talk I had been sitting next to this man and he nodded at every attack on China and her people. He began his rap by saying that he was a little ashamed to be Chinese. It went downhill from there.

Then they collected the money and it was mostly bills. Indeed it was one hell of a lot more than the events held by the left usually raise and I was going to try to rip some off except that I was too far from the door.

Then, despite the fact that the League supports Southern Africa racism, they had the black man make a motion to oppose seating the Peoples Republic of China and to retain Chiagn's regime in the United Nations. It was passed with two cowering abstentions, Sa
Sharky and I.

The literature table at the back was a warped voyeurs paradise. Side by side were books like "The Naked Communist", books by Strom Thurmond, a southern U.S Senator, and the Communist Manifesto and Quotations of Chairman Mao. Anything to make a buck, I guess.

If tonight's meeting was any example the paranoid right, with their hatred and fear of all change, are no threat. They have the same kind of impact, on a much smaller scale, as their kissing cousins, Social Credit. What strength they have is of a right wing populist nature, an appeal to people who are troubled by all the things of life they have never understood. Some more of capitalism's unfortunates to be called on when the ruling class needs them, but to be ignored in the meantime.

As Sharky and I left they were singing God Save the Queen. I waved goodby, but nobody waves back. I wonder why?

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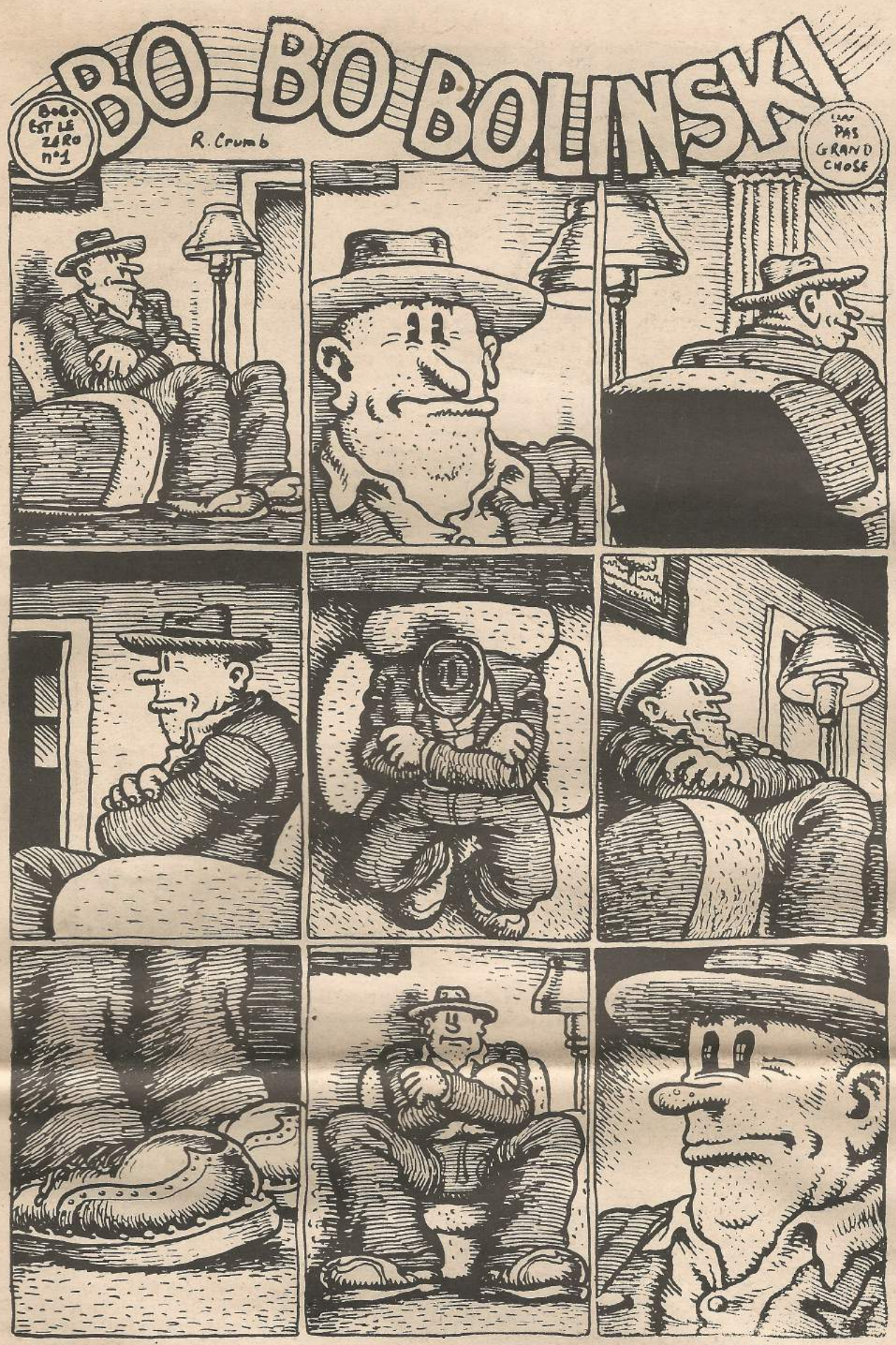

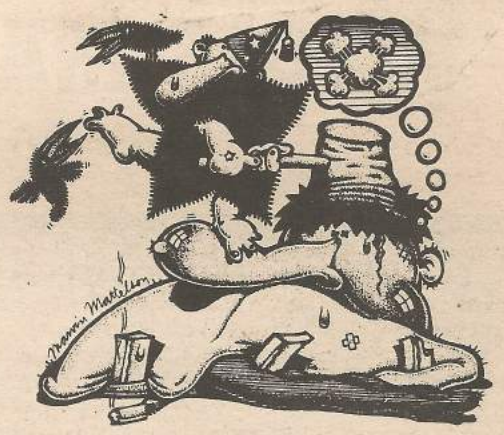

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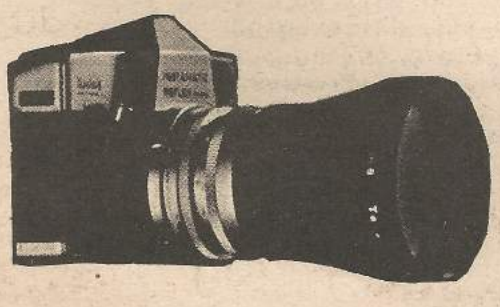

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WHO'S MAD? RIVERVIEW

By JOHN WESLEY HARDING

Nothing is as controversial in our society as mental health, or social deviation. For our society alienates everything it comes into contact with –people from each other, from their job, from nature itself. The "normal" person is one who can rationalize his existence in this maelstrom of contradictions that we call "living." By thus defining normalcy, all dissent, all rejection is immediately bagged as abnormal. Up becomes down. Literally.

Some people crack. They cannot, or will not, play the complex social-psychological games demanded of us all. Roles become straitjackets, mental torment. They are classified as unhealthy citizens. They must be institutionalized, rehabilitated, outfitted with a new psychic motor, repainted and put on the used people lot, to be funnelled off into yet another hapless and frustrating stream.

In this article, we will look at two sides of the same coin – the institution, as viewed through the eyes of a person who spent seven years working there, and a group of people who have been through it and who have organized to fight it, to live the alternative. There

> The good patient is still the one that sits in a corner by himself, the one that doesn't cause any sort of difficulty.

is an ever present dialectic here. Those in economic/ideological control endeavour to produce a certain type, willing and able to serve its interests. The last decade has seen the reaction to this "type", to its inadequacies. The more society tries to put her/him down, the stronger she/he becomes. The stronger she/he becomes, the quicker does that society crumble.

THE MENTAL PATIENTS ASSOCIATION

Lanny Beckman studied psychology for almost ten years and was within three months of completing his Ph.D. when he suffered a nervous breakdown and had to be hospitalized. Now he is one of the primary forces in the Mental Patients' Association (MPA), a group of ex-, present and future patients struggling to relieve an enormous burden.

"It's ironic," Lanny says, "I was trained for so long to be treating people, to be a psychologist. Here I am, a former mental patient, doing everything I can to unmask that farce."

The MPA has no coherent political ideology. The people in it come mainly from working class and poor backgrounds. Their common feature is a hostility to the present mental health establishment and a strong belief that only in collective support can they really solve their crisis situations. The story of each is the history of an oppressive and debilitating social system.

Jim is a stocky, middle-aged man with strong features and a kindly face. His eyes reflect the pain of too many frustrations, of hurts not understood. He relates how he was a chef for 40 years, how he worked some of the best hotels across the country, how he led a productive life. As he approached 60 and stuck with a crippling bronchial condition, he ended up in a rest home with senile old people, all lying in their own sterile beds, waiting to die.

Jim was and is a working man. His reward for valuable and good service was ignominious despatch to a rest home. During one of his frequent attacks of bronchitis he called for an ambulance to take him to hospital. His welfare worker took him to task for this crime. He was eventually driven to the point of a suicide attempt.

"They try to strip you of your last shred of dignity, to make you more tractable so you'll jump when they crack the whip," Jim says. On welfare and drawing an extra $50 a month from the Opportunities program for valuable community service, Jim now performs the main cooking duties for the MPA collective on Tenth and Trutch. About twelve people all live together in a redecorated house, and the MPA is in the process of getting other houses.

THE MPA can be defined as a self-help group of people who had been through the mental health system and therefore realized its inadequacies from the inside. In a column in the Sun devoted to the MPA on Jan. 30, 1971, Bob Hunter states: "Discriminated-against minorities have repeatedly found it necessary to organize themselves to fight for their rights, to assert their own sense of dignity and worth, to find ways to deal with the violence unleashed against them by society as a whole." Lanny Beckman articulates the position that mental patients are also a minority group, oppressed in concrete economic and social-psychological ways. He points out: "That mental patients have not organized is due to the stigmatic and destructive stereotype of the mentally ill as irresponsible persons incapable of acting wisely on their own behalf."

"The people in our organization have found the courage to unite openly in common purpose with others who have experienced similar emotional problems."

Some facts ought to illustrate the "violence unleashed by society" against the mentally oppressed.

– at Riverview, the main psychiatric unit in the province, there is a patient to doctor ratio of about 300 to one.

– about 65% of all admissions to Riverview are re-admissions

– the probability of being hospitalized in B.C. for psychiatric reasons is higher, while the number of psychiatric beds per capita is lower than any other province

– 14.7% of Canadian males and 13.3% of females will spend some time in a mental hospital.

– yet only 10¢ per capita is spent on mental health research while $3.00 goes for defence research.

– 50% of all hospital beds are occupied by mental patients.

The MPA is therefore a direct response to unjust and oppressive social conditions. In its activities, it embodies a collective spirit which is itself antithetical to the type of indivualism espoused as "normal." Mental patients supporting each other. Freud would turn in his grave.

The structure of the MPA is meant to minimize bureaucracy. It is democratically-operated and there is no formal power structure. At present, their operating funds come from diverse sources. The Opportunities for Youth program kicked in for $5280, the Vancouver City Council for $3000, and the B.C. Government is also contributing. The Vancouver Opportunities program has ten placements with the MPA. The MPA is now loosely organizing itself into a number of working committees, such as research, phoning, transportation, kitchen, and newsletter. Their activities include a crisis training program, the operation of a farm in Matsqui donated by a member and also used as an MPA collective and getting-your-head together place, a co-op housing project program, a child care center, a crafts workshop, a media project in conjunction with Inner-City, and, of course, therapy. The MPA has gotten the endorsement and support of numerous groups and individuals, including the Psychiatric division of the B.C. Medical Association.

The people in the group are there for all sorts of reasons. Some are trying to kick junk, others depression. All relate to the outreach and social interaction of the group. Group support and love replace the one-to-one psychiatric approach, and the limited amount of bureaucracy makes the person feel less like a nuisance and more of a living individual. The people are united in their hatred of rules and regulations, and tend to dismiss anyone assuming a leadership role as power-tripping. They see their main function as getting people out of hospital and providing a viable alternative living arrangement to help that person. They point out that the fact that two-thirds of the admissions to Riverview are re-admissions proves that the present system is not working, and indeed is not meant to

> You can often see chronic patients who have been there for some years on a high dosage of phenothiazines turn purple from the sun.

work (see below). Colin, another member of MPA, points out that at Riverview he was placed under drugs in a program of sleep therapy. They had him sleeping 20 hours out of every day.

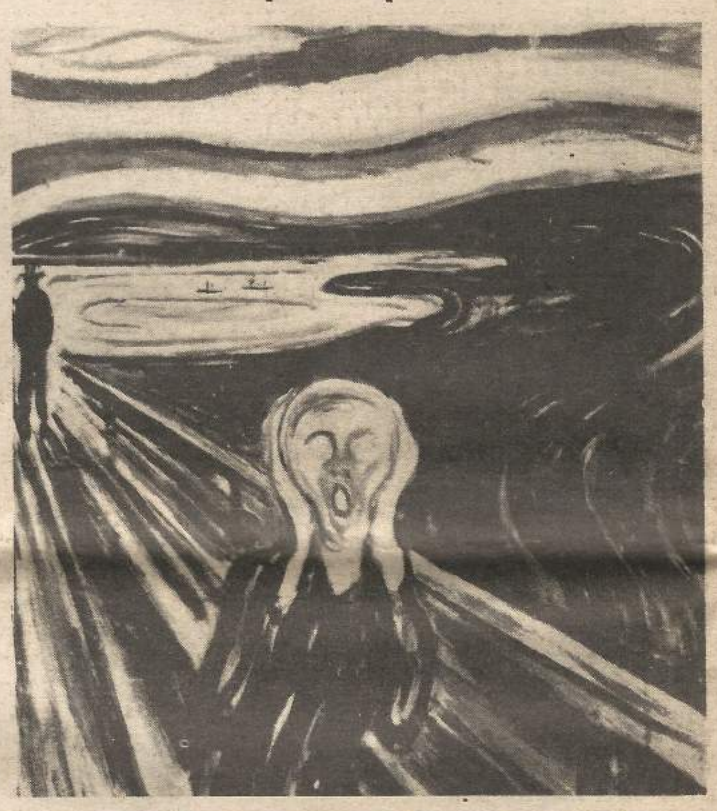
"What kind of life is that to lead? How can they possibly think they're helping me by doing that? They just wanted to shut me up and get me out of the way." He lifts his shirt to show me a four-inch long gash just beneath his heart where he plunged a butcher's knife in a vain attempt to kill himself.

Pat is an ex-junkie who tried the methadone treatment at the Narcotics Addiction Foundation, but says that the methadone habit is 50 times worse to kick than junk. "Besides," she adds, "all they want is to get you hooked on their stuff so they can pass their own trip

> We saw a lot of doctors' mistakes that end up in Riverview, operations that have gone wrong. A person may go in for a routine operation and come out in a totally chronic deteriorated state.

off on you – dress a certain way, look a certain way, get a job, get married, become productive. You're like a slave at that place." She points out that she's getting something at the MPA which helps her stay off junk, something she was missing before. "Here," Pat says, "I'm not in constant fear of showing my emotions. I can be a person."

There are many problems at the MPA, both in terms of organization and ideology, but they are trying to build a growing community of people actively involved in fighting the present sham that passes for mental health. For example, the people there have been through incredibly harrowing experiences and show their emotions very intensely. There is still a certain fear of getting close to one another, and minor hostilities are taken out in different ways. The general fear of organization conflicts with some members who still desire a more structured environment, and the political perspective of the group worries some. These problems will have to be worked out if the MPA wants to expand its operation further into the



community, and attract larger numbers of people trapped in the mental health cycle of hospital, drugs, breakdown, and hospital again. Still, they are a young group, unified in their desire to see things change, and change they must. They deserve all our support.

A RIVERVIEW VIEW

Through the MPA, I was put in touch with a person who had spent almost seven years working as a psychiatric nurse both at Riverview and at Woodlands School. The picture he paints of Riverview is a bleak one, an institution performing a repressive function based on an archaic philosophy of psychiatry which regards the "mentally ill" as misfits to be isolated and hidden.

There are tremendous problems at Riverview, really symptomatic of both society's general attitude towards the mentally ill, and institutional tensions caused by an unfeeling bureaucracy.

"There's about 3000 patients in Riverview. There are about 950 plus nurses in Riverview and Woodlands. As far as psychiatrists, you have to break that down, because you have to talk about "qualified" psychiatrists, interns, and resident psychiatrists, and all these sort of categories. There was a report put on in the Sun not too long ago that there were only about ten qualified psychiatrists. That's not the problem so much, the expertise or the training of psychiatry, but the thing is that Riverview is used as a stepping-stone for people in medicine from other countries. They have to work in a government establishment for two years before they can set up private practice. So a lot of these people are well-trained for working in their own countries, but when it comes to North America, there's a language barrier, and so on. There's a fantastic turnover rate of doctors because as soon as they get their ticket here to practice they leave.

"The function of Riverview is really a matter of interpretation. The laid-out function is to treat mentally-disturbed or mentally-ill people. I don't see this as the function necessarily though. There's really a greater function, archaic in many ways, and it goes back a long

AND THE MPA

time – that is to isolate the "deviant", whatever that is, from the society as a whole. Even medically-speaking, in treatment terms, the function is hardly being served because you have a high rate of people coming back to the hospital time and time again. You probably have a rate of about 65% that have been in the hospital before and are going to be in again.

The hospital can't be looked at in isolation – it is only responding to society as a whole. You have to look at it on those two fronts, I think – you have to change the standard of norms within the general society as a whole, and the hospital then would become something entirely different. There's a fantastic lag in the way people are treated at the hospital. The hospital was set up in the late 1890's or something, and it really hasn't changed its function that much. It's sort of a processing plant."

The hierarchy at Riverview ensures that the practice of psychiatry will strongly conform to the ruling ideology. There is no room for staff deviance, much less for patients' deviance (which is, of course, classified as "illness"). In fact, the staff tend to become just as institutionalized as the patients, sometimes even reflecting similar behaviour patterns.

"The other thing that has happened that I view as a real crisis is that not only do the patients become institutionalized, but the staff do as well. That's even more of a danger, because then you have people who just don't think as individuals any more. They carry out absurd sorts of things and never question them. A lot of the decisions that come down are totally ludicrous to implement on the ward. People on the ward know that, but they carry those things out. There's little recourse in going back to the administration, because you immediately commit yourself as being a troublemaker.

"Many of the symptoms that apply to the patients also apply to the staff. It's very hard to differentiate the symptoms. I know one example that was really classic. One patient was showing ideas which had him classified as paranoid, he was showing fears which had no basis. And the nurse was talking to him, saying it's all right, there's nothing to be afraid of. And somebody down the hall yelled "Watch out, the supervisor is coming!

"I don't know if you've ever read The Peter Principle, but it really applies to Riverview. Part of the function of a psychiatric nurse is to dispense medication.

"In the nursing fields, you have nursing aides, and you go onto the graduate nurse, and of course in all these levels you have students. From there you have the nurses, and the assistant charge nurse, and finally a charge nurse. This is all on the ward level. Beyond that you have a number of supervisors, a unit supervisor and a number of assistant supervisors in the building. Finally, you go on to the nursing administrators and the director. That's really the hierarchy of nursing. The qualifications of the higher personnel are really interesting, because most of them have been there for some years. Some are self-educated by working in the hospital, there are also a lot of people who came in the late thirties and during the War who perhaps worked in the kitchen. In those days you didn't need any training to be a nurse so in times of shortage these people found themselves on the wards carrying out nurse's functions. As a result, many of these people were never formally trained but who are now in supervisory capacities. Their attitudes towards the patients are by and large custodial. It's one of keeping the bureaucracy going, keeping everything smooth. The good patient is still the one that sits in a corner by himself, the one that doesn't cause any sort of difficulty.

"Almost all decisions are made from the top and sent down. Very few if any decisions are made from the bottom, or made in conjunction with people on the bottom part of the scale. In that sense you have a lot of ritual where people like charge nurses get together and the decision is really made beforehand. The other thing is that the administration of the hospital never deals directly with patients, it deals with staff. The consequences of course come out on the patient. These people are out of touch with what's going on in the wards or with the day-to-day lives of the patients. The patient is a totally secondary entity in the hospital, because everything is done on a staff sort of basis.

You see numerous blunders. One example is they cut off people's tobacco. People have been getting tobacco for ten or fifteen years on some of the wards and all of a sudden they decided to cut back on that because tobacco was sort of an evil thing. There were all sorts of rationale for it, but let's face it, it was a cost factor. The patient, of all people, has nothing or very little to say in his own treatment. For example, in some wards they have general meetings with all the patients, but they're really a farce because all decisions are made beforehand anyway. The patient has no recourse as such. He has no influence on the decisions being made about him."

A bureaucracy totally unresponsive to the needs of the people it supposedly serves is the outstanding characteristic of Riverview. Indeed, patients are often regarded as a nuisance, and the treatments reflect that fact. Emphasis is primarily on chemotherapy, the utilization of drugs in therapy, which is much easier to implement and has the distinct advantage of tailoring the patients' behaviour to institutional requirements.

Patients are divided into two main areas: Acute and Chronic. Acute are those admitted voluntarily or coming down from bad trips (drugs or otherwise). Chronic are the more long-term patients, including those whose "illness' is ORGANIC in nature (due to brain or other physical disorder) as opposed to functional in origin.

Their treatments, therefore, depend also on the length of their stay which may range from a day to two months in Acute, to a lifetime in Chronic. "Patients in the Chronic area," says Jack, "must see a psychiatrist at least once every six months." Gives you some idea of the quality of care they are getting.

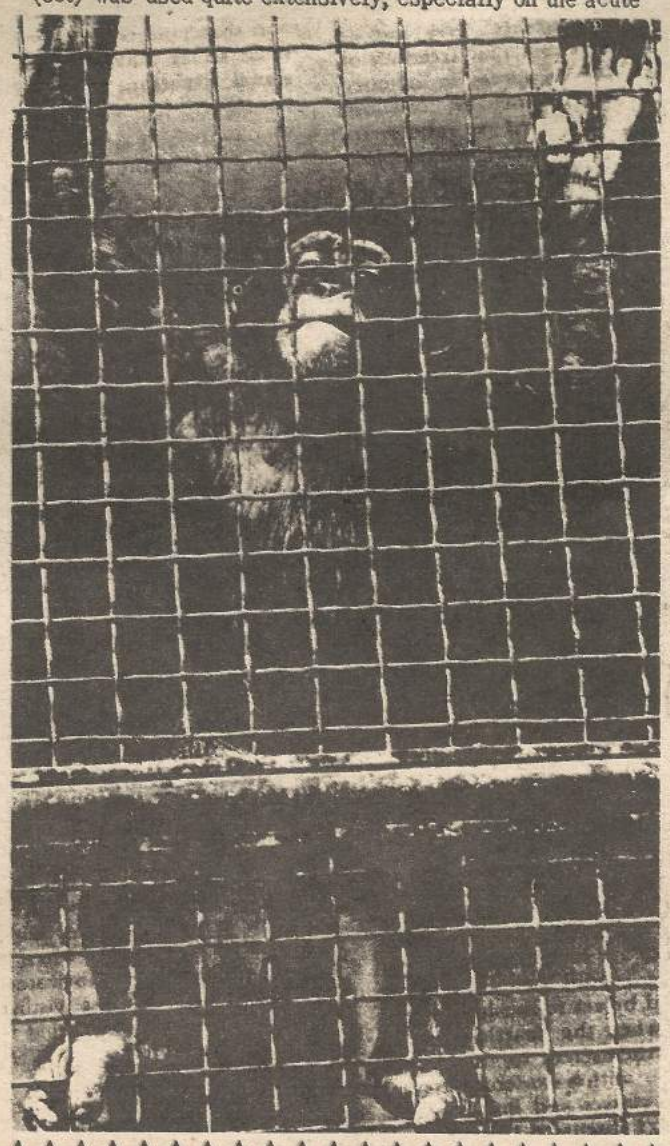
"Effective psychotherapy is rarely practiced there because of the personnel shortage. Chemotherapy is really rampant throughout the whole hospital. All pills are prescribed by the doctors. The doctor sees the patient on entry and prescribes a certain drug and dosage. But I don't know how you assess that, because you might see the patient for half an hour, and a bunch of pills is prescribed, the whole treatment. The other thing is that by and large it is an experimental process, because the pills may have a good or a bad reaction. The patient might conform, he might come around, he might not.

"The drugs that are used there include the phenothiazines, which became popular in the early 50's. They have some fantastic side effects, especially after prolonged use. You can often see chronic patients who have been there for some years on a high dosage of phenothiazines turn purple from the sun. Now they're getting more sophisticated in the sense that they're developing other pills to counteract this reaction. Or you have what is called a chlorpromazine (cpz) stomp or a cpz gait, some of the physical effects of cpz. You also might drool a lot. As a result, the patient is usually on a series of pills, rather than one type alone.

The picture is like one of a zoo, where the patient has no rights.

These drugs seem to have the immediate results in the sense that if you have a patient that's very depressed, you give him some stimulants and then he might act nondepressed, he might act as though he's come out of a depression. This is how drugs are justified and gauged – on the basis of the immediate reaction.

When I was there, electroconvulsive shock therapy (ect) was used quite extensively, especially on the acute wards. I understand now that they're down quite a bit on it. Historically, it just phenomenal what's happened in the last twenty years. In the 50's, people used to line up sort of cold turkey for these things and just jump on the table and get zapped, and then the next one would go on, with no medication, no sedative, no anaesthetic or anything. You go into definite convulsions under ECT, resulting in a lot of broken bones and things. Now it's a very sophisticated sort of thing, in the sense that now you get anaesthetic and you're totally out when you get the shock. The after-effects are a temporary amnesia state supposedly, though I've talked to patients who say they have lapses right out of their lives, losing whole chunks of memories.



You forget to think as a human being and an individual after working there for a while. I think now of some of the procedures I was involved in and it's really frightening.

"I've seen some individual nurses use the threat of ECT to get patients to do what they wanted to do, but I've never seen it prescribed by a doctor.

"On the acute wards, patients usually stay for between six weeks and two months, in that area, while in the chronic area it's usually years."

Tied in with this portrait of non-therapy and bureaucratic intransigence is the more odious element of malpractice. Though individual cases are difficult to document, Jack witnessed numerous patients being beaten by ward attendants. Though he does not think it likely that such practices are condoned or encouraged by the psychiatrists, the frequency of its occurrence attests to the type of contempt with which the patients are held by at least some of the staff at all levels.

"I don't know if I could pick on the medical profession as a whole to attack, because it's such a difficult thing to attack. There's been a fantastic amount of malpractice because of the language difficulties so apparent, because of the high proportion of foreign doctors using Riverview as a stepping-stone to private practice. I've seen doctors totally misinterpret what a patient is saying, for example. You also have people working in psychiatry, in a mental hospital, who are often called upon to perform certain simple medical procedures, like spinal injections. There's a definite procedure that you can read in any medical textbook, but I've seen doctors totally incapable of doing that. It's a very routine procedure, but if it's not done properly there's a chance of all sorts of things happening.

"We saw a lot of doctors' mistakes that end up in Riverview, operations that have gone wrong. A person may go in for a routine operation and come out in a totally chronic deteriorated state.

"I think there's one case that ought to be brought out, and I think it's malpractice, and that is when a patient was put in a side room and kept there totally drugged up for six to eight months. The reason was that he was violent and he had attacked a number of staff. There is beating of patients going on. I have seen attendants club a patient, and the like. You're going to have a certain sadistic element there, like in prisons, people who just really dig this sort of thing.

"I know one other practice that was being used, and I'm sure it's still being used. The patient is "misbehaving." He is threatened with being sent to a Chronic ward, sort of lock him up. On a chronic ward you have a lot of people with brain syndromes, very disturbed people, the whole environment is much more custodial. Often people are locked in, not allowed on the grounds. It's very much more deteriorated, both physically and mentally.

"A lot of patients work regular days. I don't think they work eight hours, they may work five or something like that, and maximum pay is $2.50 a month. A lot of them work in the laundry, a lot of them work on the grounds, cleaning up and raking leaves. The rationale, of course, is that it's therapeutic, teaches them good work habits. If a person is totally dependent on the hospital for money, what they hell can you do with $2.50 a month, especially now that they have to buy their own cigarettes?

The whole concept of what is normal and what is abnormal follows directly from the backgrounds, attitudes and values of both the people who work at Riverview, and the society which allows such an institution to exist. A person is abnormal if he/she deviates – and deviates FROM WHAT is becoming highly speculative nowadays.

"It's not coincidence that such a self-serving bureaucracy has evolved because the ideology which it serves is based on an archaic interpretation of what mental illness is. And it's reactionary because it totally isolates itself from public scrutiny.

"There is a prescribed morality. It's laid down what is normal. The type of person they're trying to create is

continued on page 17

occasional nothings -Wanis

WANIS KOURI ON VACATION

Our beloved Wanis is currently tripping in foreign lands. STRAIGHT Perversion-Promotor Korky Day suggests that we will miss Wanis Kouri's humour column, "Occasional Nothings" greatly. If anyone out there wants to submit humour, we probably won't print it, but try anyway.

TOM TAKES TRIP

Vancouver city fathers, Tommy Campbell, Halford Wilson and Ernie Broome are heading for Odessa in the U.S.S.R. for a gala cultural and commercial (not necessarily in that order), visit to Vancouver's "sister city" during WWII.

One of the questions they'll be asking their hosts is reportedly "how the Soviet Union deals with recalcitrant youth." Let's just hope that the boys' flight doesn't stopover in Greece long enough for them to ask the same question.

PAINT-IN

The Ranier Hotel is giving cash prizes for painting the panels on the construction boarding on the sidewalk. Register inside the hotel of 300 block Carrall between Hastings and Cordova for the prizes of $50, $25 and $15.

ANN MURRAY: WE GO TO THE PEONY, BUT FIRST

August, time to put the windows back in. Dont eat yogurt with ginerbread. Rising Agents like baking powder & yeast kill the B vitamins in flour. Ann sang you're smarter being a woman & gonna live longer, be nice to a man today. turn on the tap for him, bring him his funnies. Read Sometimes a Great Notion, a novel by Ken Kesey, sometime. Dear Judith: my life may be flawed, but not like anybody's, and the poems are Perfect. I hope Ann Murray loses her promoters someday, and starts to sing blues from her own heart, no – she might sing the Reds, or the Greens! She's definitely an official cdn star, so it's her dooty to sing to us, and we're supposed to listen. Meanwhile, over in Playland, see a lovely girl turn into a 200 lb. gorilla. See The Electric Chair & the Dangerous Drugs display. Should people make money out of other people's misery? or happiness? Horseburgers. We spent most of the day visiting the livestock. I won $5 at Crown & Anchor this year. I suspect that Ann Murray was moved to Toronto by the CBC – like Rawhide in the 50s – from the Maritimes in a vain attempt to make the National News believable for another winter. The day before, we visited Reg up the Valley, amongst his goats, chickens, ducks, sunflowers, steer, racoon, dog, cat & the day after I bet you were just trying to make me feel cold singing Jingle Bells so I'd put the windows in. ok. I changed a few words)

POPULAR SILENTS #43. PORTRAITS OF FAMOUS CANADIANS

(Betty met Colonel Saunders in the elevator & he helped her with her basket of laundry. Flakey figgers the Col. cant help himself any time he sees a basket.)

(This is exactly the way I wrote it. Ann Murray sang, "We're gonna SMOKE! the green green grass of home!" to the biggest roar of the show from a ruly crowd in the PNE Coloseum Saturday nite. "I have been deeply aware of men's weakness, the need to guard them from my strength," wrote Anais Nin, another Ann. AM, nyahaaa, you can see her on tv ANYtime, one guy sed as he gave up waiting in the lineup for the evening show $1. She relaxes with her fate up inside her hi blonde hairdonotsinging her way into the charts & hearts of tin Canada, no folly, stunderstand, it isnt much but it's all I want, Starbeam from Springhill NS country town deelites all the way to Blam City hockey rink. The cops really like the MC's Hippy jokes, and he gets a big laff each time he mentions his asshole. I hear that the latest electronic shitters you dont get to see your turds ever again. Everyone else wanted to go to the horshew. We sit alone at the very top of the arena & watch the dancing waters tv screen size distance to the voice of Judy Garland who is over the rainbow, followed by The Battle Hymn of the Republik & and Mormom Taberknackle Ventriliquist who we dare not believe in. There was a faint grim Bible salesman in the Pure Foods Building wouldnt let me take his picture. My camera was made by Bhuddists. It's the end of

cartoon by ted richards

meanwhile back in the world:

CHEROKEE CAPITAL TO BE FLOODED

CHOTA, Tenn.(LNS) – Chota, the sacred capital of the Cherokee Nation, may soon be under water.

So may Tuskegee Town, birthplace of Sequoyah, the Cherokee who spent 12 years inventing an 85 character alphabet for his tribe which enabled them to publish the first Indian newspaper in the 1820's. And Tennessee, the Indian village from which the state of Tennessee took its name.

In their place will be a 17,000 acre lake, part of the Tennessee Valley Authority complex. Later, perhaps, it would be surrounded by an industrial park.

The Cherokee have been fighting TVA expansion for six years. In a tribal ceremony at Chota in 1965, they presented Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas with a petition to save the land. Douglas turned it over to President Johnson (remember him?) expressing "the hope that this bautiful valley will not be destroyed by the hand of man."

The government went ahead with its' plans anyway.

Besides destroying the Cherokee homeland, the project is endangering three species of fish and destroying a unique waterfowl habitat. The Little Tennessee River could be polluted with mercury and dangerous pesticides.

ALL WOMEN'S CAMP FOUNDED IN DENMARK

COPENHAGEN, Denmark (LNS) – A small island off the southeast coast of Denmark has become the sight of a unique all women's experimental camp. The purpose of the camp is for women to learn how to live together, to respect each other and themselves, and realize the different feeling there is in being among women only.

Residents will spend most of their time in small groups. There is a wide age and occupation range although the majority are young students. The youngest is only a few months old and the eldest is over sixty. Everyone is sharing responsibility for the children.

For more information call or write Dronningensgade 14, 1420 Copenhagen K, Denmark, telephone: 0177-SU-4684.

FOOLPROOF IDENTITY CARDS?

SCANDINAVIA (UPS) – An identity card that its makers claim is forgery proof is being issued in Denmark and Sweden and has apparently excited the interests of U.S. comapnies. The unique feature of the card is a radioactive isotope with a half life of five years which causes a green light to flash on a special geiger counter designed to validate the cards. some 300,000 of these things have been issued in Scandinavia. Not enough time has elapsed to verify rumours of birth defects and sterility caused by the isotope.

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GRANOLA OUTLAWED IN HUTCHINSON H.S. (USA)

A couple of weeks ago in Hutchinson High School, one of our eagle-eyed administrators spotted a student in the hall who was overtly eating a certain food known as "granola". He dragged the offender into his office and wisely explained "Granola relates to drugs, drugs relate to hippies, hippies relate to (He holds his fingers in the peace sign) and the (peace sign) relates to an unjust peace."

Unfortunately this statment has since been subject to much ridicule. Actually granola DOES relate to both drugs and an "unjust peace", and I think I'd better set the record straight.

How does granola relate to drugs? The answer is obvious. Granola is made with oats and barley. Horses eat oats and barley. "Horse" is a slang term for heroin.

Therefore, granola relates to drugs. To clarify this point, I will relate to you an incident that happened to me which involved a horse and granola.

Shortly after I heard about the administrator's warning regarding granola, I got a horse. According to the WORLD BOOK ENCYCLOPEDIA the best things to feed my horse are oats and barley, an obvious form of granola.

Naturally I didn't want my horse to advocate an unjust peace. But on the other hand I didn't want it to starve to death, so I had no choice but to feed it granola. I put the food in the feed-bunk and the horse came running. After one bite, the horse organized a hippie commune among the barnyard animals. And then, to my utter amazement the horse tapped with his hoof in Morse code, "Get out of Vietnam!" Then he jumped over the fence and ran away. A week later I received a picture postcard from the horse: he was helping with the sugar-cane harvest in Cuba.

After this terrifying experience you can be sure I vowed never to try granola myself. But everywhere in school there were long-haired freaks trying to get me to eat it. Remembering Ancher Nelson's warning "They're just trying to make you slaves" I resisted their perfidious attempts.

One day as I walked down the hall, the usual assortment of commie-punks thrust granola-filled paper bags in my face, trying to get me hooked.

"Why do yo think they call it Dope?" I said caustically.

This infuriated those wretched peddlers of misery, and three of them jumped me. Two of the bums held me down while a third forced granola down my throat. They laughed heinously as the granola began affecting my mind. I started hallucinating. First the walls wiggled. Then I saw a vision of Ho Chi Mihn beckoning to me from just outside the window. I ran to the window, jumped out, and plummeted to the ground. Luckily we have a one-story school, so I wasn't hurt badly. The fall straightend out my head, and clouds drifting overhead, I thought to myself, "When else but in Amerika could a poor boy like myself have the opportunity to cross the ocean and kill little yellow gooks?

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meanwhile back in the world:

"fox" GUMS UP POLLUTOR'S WORKS

CHICAGO, Ill. (UPS) – The "Fox" Chicago's famous eco-guerrilla has done it again. In a night raid on a Chicago asphalt supply plant which emits a thick agging dust all day, the Fox and his compatriots shut down the plant's machinery causing the asphalt to solidify in the tanks and pipes. Repairmen the next morning had their task cut out for them but discovered that all the necessary tools had been locked up by the wily Fox.

In a communication the Fox said, "You have choked our friends, caused a stench, killed wildlife and plants. Clean up your factory so we will not have to lock it up again."

In the past the Fox has struck out at eco-criminals by hurling slimy gunk into oil company offices, chopped down billboards, and sealed off pollutors smokestacks.

HEXACHLOROPHENE KILLS

CHICAGO, Ill. (UPS) – Scientists of the new U.S. Environmental Protection Agency have reported that hexachlorophene, given orally, produces brain damage and paralysis in laboratory rats. It has also been found to penetrate the skin and enter the blood in both animals and humans. The subject of most immediate concern is the use of hexachlorophene to wash babies immediately after birth, and later. Phisohex, which is 3% hexachlorophene is frequently used for this. Dial soap contains 1% hexachlorophene and it is also found in many soaps, cosmetics, detergents and toothpastes. It is a potent phenol, related to phenols used in toxic weed killers.

PIGS IN RETREAT

BERKELEY, Calif. (UPS) – Thirteen percent of the Berkeley Police Department has resigned from the force since January 1, 1971, twenty of them since the April civic elections in which three radicals were elected to the city council. Chief Bruce Baker said the resignations were alarming, and noted that five sergeants and an inspector are among those who quit. Many more police officers are expected to quit in the coming months.

U.S. AID TO URAGUAYAN POLICE

MONTEVIDEO, Uruguay (PL) – The Uruguayan Police are receiving more aid from the United States than any other Latin American police force, according to official U.S. sources.

Although details as to the amount of aid were not disclosed, it is known that the amount this year is almost double that of last year.

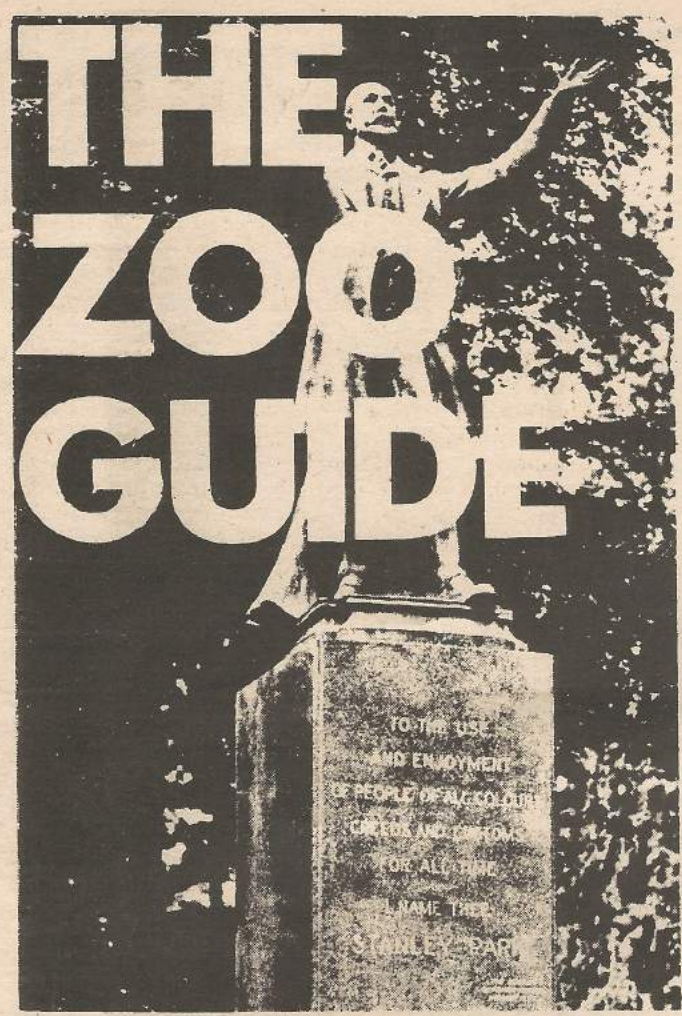
Uruguay is one of the least populated countries in Latin America, but its police forces receive more aid than those of Brazil do.

The Uruguayan government has declared war on the Tupamaros and the U.S. has come to the rescue. In addition to the unprecedented increase in aid to the police, ultraright terrorist groups have appeared, and it is believed the United States is also helping them.

Recently, Senator William Proxmire denounced that U.S. aid to the Brazilian police force was being used to finance the "Death Squad". It appears that a similar thing is happening in Uruguay.

At the end of July, a so-called "Tupamaro-hunting

continued page 17



DON WHITE AND CHRIS WHITING

THE CHILDREN'S ZOO

The Children's Zoo is probably the most accurate summary in Stanley Park of the dual purpose of any zoo. In theory, the Children's Zoo is an attempt to bring man and animal together. In practice, it is only the first exposure of children to captive animals.

The Children's Zoo is clearly the result of a personal dream of one or two zoo officials. It is an attempt by Alan Best, the curator of Stanley Park, to create at least one positive aspect to the zoo. It attempts to develop, in children, human love and human respect for non-human species. It attempts, through physical contact to dispel a child's fear of animals.

In practice, the success of the Children's Zoo is less than limited. It represents little more than a place for mothers to coo over the cuteness of their children. A place for fathers to practice amateaur photography. It is a place where children are gradually exposed to the madness produced by captivity in a wild animal.

Granted, the majority of animals found in the Children's Zoo are domestic breeds, reasonably suited for life in captivity. But there is also a fair number of wild animals. The Children's Zoo contains animals, mostly young, which are already displaying the stereotyped movements, the stupor, the neuroses of captivity.

It contains two black bear cubs which display stereotyped pacing already more frenzied than the same movements of the adult animals in the larger bear pit. Fixed pacing and turning patterns performed against that part of the concrete wall farthest from the zoo spectators.

Meerkats which perform stereotyped pacing: that compulsive, automatized attempt to get out of the cage.

A genet, a phalanger, two red foxes and their pups, all of which spend prolonged periods sleeping.

Two beavers, one of which sleeps all day. The other spends hours sitting in a trickle of water over a drain in its cage.

Two flying foxes. Flying foxes in a 2 x 2 x 4 foot cage.

A gradual introduction to insanity.

The role played by the zoo in present society is that same role played by madhouses in the eighteenth century. Public tours of madhouses were popular then. Tours of zoos possess the same popularity today. The zoo does not exist for education, not as a source for information. It exists only for a moment's diversion for people already packed so tightly into their own cages that they appreciate the mad antics of animals in a similar situation. It is this fact of entertainment that Alan Best has forgotten.

The zoo is a source of mis-education. It teaches only that some animals can physically survive in captivity. It teaches nothing of the animal itself. Nothing of the animal's normal behavior. Nothing of its normal personality.

The display of kangaroos only confirms the creature's existence: a fact that can be obtained from any elementary textbook. A visit to the Arctic wolves tells nothing of the lack of ferocity these animals display in the wild towards men. It tells nothing of the fact that all wolves love and take care of the pups of any parent.

A visit to the Aquarium does not tell of the incredibly gentle behaviour of a killer whale toward men when first captured. It tells nothing of the beauty of these animals in the ocean.

A visit to the Children's Zoo tells nothing of the normal behavior of wild animals. It does not educate the child to love a free animal in nature. It only teaches the enjoyment of captivity.

A graduate of the Children's Zoo is adequately trained to appreciate the zoo proper. Coming from the Children's Zoo, the child is ready to enjoy the behavior of the polar bears, of the hyrax, of the chimpanzees.

The graduate of the Children's Zoo has been educated in the madness of captive animals.

Alan Best's dream of the Children's Zoo has failed. But in the attempt, it has demonstrated that he was at least aware of some of the inadequacies of zoos. His failure is a result of his tools.

It is not possible to produce love of wild animals by displaying wild animals in cages. The behavior of the animals is so perverted that the only love produced is the love of subjugation.

And it has failed because over the years Alan Best has apparently forgotten one cardinal principle.

No man that loves an animal can justify its cage. And no man that values freedom can justify a zoo.

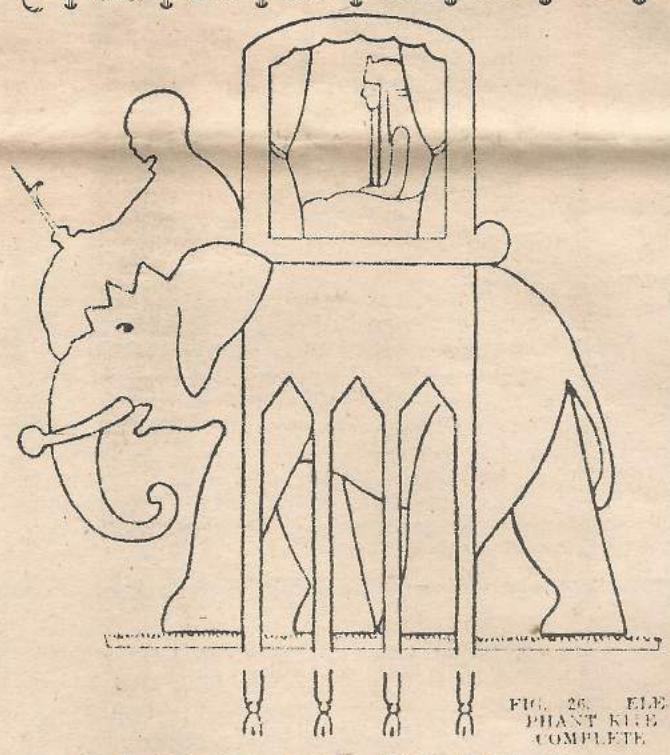


FIG. 26. ELEPHANT KITE COMPLETE

COMMUNICATIONS RESEARCH

rainbow communications research

an observation sphere for and research probe into communication experiments occuring within vancouver

has been following through direct involvement in the metro media experiment in community access/input to the video medium . the reorganization of intermedia . the activities of rainbow city . attempts at nation-wide communication networks . the emproaching medial coup . the vague activities of the auto-mobile-body parallel sphere . the most recent emergence of the galactic research council

rcr is extremely interested in communication experiments it hasn't heard about, imparticularly those which may focus on processes for intense communication between small numbers of people

if you remember such an experiment
I am interested in an exchange of findings
aug 9 71 gary H rcr 2605 W5 - 1 736-5759

Photo: Sal Ferrera/AFS

meanwhile back in the world:

continued from 15

commando" tortured and killed Manuel Ramos Filippini. His body, with twelve bullet wounds and fractured arms, appeared among the rocks on the Montivedean coast.

Before his death, Filippini had been taken from his home by four persons who said they were policemen. Filippini had just finished serving a sentence for having helped the Tupamaros.

INSECT INVASION BUGS LITTLE FRY

NEW YORK, N.Y. (UPS)– The Bell Telephone System, in its continuing war against anti-social behaviour has provided the federal government with a new weapon in its ever increasing eavesdropping arsenal. Every touch-tone phone manufactured has been designed to make wire-tapping easier and more convenient.

The innovation introduced with the touch-tone system is not in the bugging apparatus itself. The equipment must still be placed in the receiver (the handle in this case). However, once the bugging equipment has been placed in the phone, anyone else can tap it.

All you do is go to another touch-tone phone and dial the number of the phone that has the tap in it. Then before it starts ringing, press the button that has the asterisk. There are twelve buttons on a touchtone phone; the phone company explains this by saying that the extra two buttons are for uses which they will be putting into service at some later time. In reality what the button with the asterisk does is send a tone over the line that keeps a bugged phone from ringing and turns it into an open mike until someone picks it up.

This is a real advantage for simple witch-hunting on minor suspects as opposed to intensive snooping on certified malcontents. Intensive snooping devices can be set up at telephone company headquarters and are much more effective.

LEARY FREE-NEEDS HELP

SAN FRANCISCO, Calif. (UPS)– Things are looking up again for Timothy Leary. Free in Switzerland on $18,500 bail, he will go before the courts in late September to decide whether he should be extradited back to Reagan's jails or be granted political asylum.

The important thing is that he is not in jail. Even if the court turns him down he will have about 6 months of appeals, according to his San Francisco attorney Joe Rhine, who just returned from visiting Tim. If things look like they are going bad Tim could probably hotfoot it back to Algeria. But, Rhine says, Tim would prefer to stay in Switzerland.

The health of Leary, 52, hasn't been too good in the Swiss prison in Lausanne. Rhine said Tim is all right now but he is down to about 140 pounds from his normal 165. "But he's strong mentally," Rhine says.

The grounds on which Leary is seeking asylum are reasonably strong. First, the total amount of pot with which he has been convicted of possession would carry a maximum sentence of only 14 days in Switzerland, as opposed to the 30 years Tim received in Amerika. Second, his Swiss lawyers are pointing out that Leary is a writer and intellectual of some note. Third, he has been a religious teacher. Fourth, the Swiss lawyers maintain, Leary received such a stiff sentence because of who he is, not because of the nature of any crime he commited.

In order to help Tim out, it would have been beneficial to have signed statements from intellectuals, writers, and professors attesting to his importance in the world of letters. Also useful would be declarations from people who have been turned on to religion by reading or hearing Leary. This material should be sent to Joe Rhine, 2424 Pine, San Francisco 94115, or to Tim Leary, Dauphine 1, La Residance, Villars, Sur Allon, Switzerland.

LIVING THEATRE OUSTED

BRAZILIA, Brazil (YIP) – As a direct result of international pressure by concerned people the world famous Living Theatre has been booted out of Brazil. Julian Beck and 12 other members of the theatre troupe were ordered out of prison and out of Brazil by direct order of Dictator-President Emilio Medici. The Living Theatre will be free as soon as the reams of paperwork necessary to gain their release is completed.

Dictator Medici said the incarceration of the Beck's and the entire Living Theatre on phony marijuana and subversion charges by agents of his Department of Public Order (DOPS) ". . . was exploited by Brazil's enemies . . . accusing the Brazilian government of unfriendly conduct toward the theatrical world." He also said the campaign to free the Living Theatre started by Allen Gisnberg in the underground press ". . . endangered Brazil's national security." Too bad, pig.

Brazil is the strongest and one of the most brutal and ruthless fascist dictatorships in South America. Although revolutionary guerrilla movements are getting stronger, the only effective way to save the thousands of other unknown political prisoners in Brazil from being tortured and murdered is intense international pressure. More information on how to aid Brazilian political prisoners can be obtained by writing and subscribing to: Brazilian Information Bulletin, P.O. Box 2279, Station A, Berkeley, California 94702.

RIVERVIEW

continued

based on the middle-class values, the work ethic, the moral-sexual ethic. I can see the Protestant ethic coming out over and over again. If you work hard you'll make it, this sort of thing. And there's a lag there, because those values themselves are undergoing change. Getting back to the sterile environment, one of the sterilities is the dress code. This has changed in the last couple of years – women are now allowed to wear smocks, but all whites, men in grey suits, hair lengths carefully prescribed, etc. You have a very sterile staff working with patients in a sterile environment, but this is just not realistic, because when the patient leaves the hospital, Christ, he can see these things. There are people in all sorts of dress and all sorts of styles. In the hospital you don't see that. One of the consequences of this is that the patient cannot cope with the real world. He has become totally dependent on the institutional framework for his existence. Same for the staff."

In Jack's opinion, one which would be confirmed by the people from the MPA, a large majority of the inmates at Riverview are from poor and working class backgrounds. People broken by a vicious economic system, toiling and cracking under the pressures of welfare, poverty, poor housing, social and marital turmoil – these are the people who find their way to the wards of Riverview. It all begins to make sense.

Jack wants now to work with groups who are willing to fight the institutionalized bureaucracy of the mental health system, groups like the MPA and the Union of Radical Social Scientists at UBC (See Georgia Straight, Aug 20/23, 1971). In retrospect, he finds it hard to accept that he was part of it all.

"The picture is like one of a zoo, where the patient has no rights. Why? You have to take a dual perspective. How is so-called mental illness regarded by the society at large? Why is there so little reaction, why are there so few people going through the hospital to observe it? It should be open, it should be a place that you could look at, evaluate for yourselves. But it's not, it's a closed system, and as soon as it is closed, you have a very wide range of what you can do and what you can't do. It's still illegal to take pictures on the ward, the excuse being the patient's privacy. But that's not really the case at all. The authorities just don't want anyone outside coming in, because anyone who is at all sensitive to anything is going to be critical of that institution. You can't help but be. You forget to think as a human being and an individual after working there for a while. I think now of some of the procedures I was involved in and it's really frightening."

OZ AND ENDS

The Georgia Straight
Sir,

Some of your readers may have heard of the harsh sentences imposed on the three editors of OZ an underground newspaper published in London.

A significant comment on the circumstances that gave rise to the trial and one worthy of wide publicity is one made by Colin MacInnes writing in the English sociological weekly, New Society. He wrote, "OZ 28 was certainly a provocation: and if you advance a new life style, yet know the ancient rules, you should expect to be clobbered for meaning what you say. So many of the 'revolutionary' young are political cock-teasers, with no idea that a serious, radical attitude involves sacrifice without glamour and perpetual self-discipline."

Vancouver has many people (including, no doubt, some of your readers and writers) who answer to Mr. MacInnes' rather elegant description of young revolutionaries.

Yours faithfully,
Peter Davies

THE VIEW OVER ATLANTIS

Selected by Michael Joseph

'In former times the earth was regarded as a domestic animal, its health and condition the responsibility of the human race. Intelligent parasites are naturally attentive to the welfare of the parent body, and the particular task of those gifted with the dowser's power of healing, and skilled in its practice, was to ensure the harmonious flow of the earth's vital essence. It was for this reason that the vast, universal system was constructed.'

If we're to believe orthodox historians, and the archaeologists who do their spadework for them, the evolution of Man has been a slow, steady climb from shaggy cavedwelling *homo erectus* to today's nuclear man. From flintstone clubs to intercontinental ballistic missiles in one uninterrupted jump.

But the human and architectural remains *of vastly differing types and ages* that are now being dug up all over the world, tell quite another story. And so does the ancient literature of India: read the Mahabharata for a description of the terrible Brahma Weapon and others like it. These are the distant ancestors of today's hydrogen bomb.

Truth is, there has been a *succession* of races on this planet, each one erased either by 'nuclear' was or a natural global disaster—or both, since they are often connected.

'The View Over Atlantis' by John Michell gives us a valuable insight into the awe-inspiring engineering operations of one of these super-races before it too dug its own watery grave. Let the well researched author speak for himself in these selected excerpts:

Just after Christmas in 1648 John Aubrey . . . rode through the Wiltshire village of Avebury and there saw a vast prehistoric temple, the greatest of its age in Europe. Before Aubrey's visit untold thousands had passed their lives within the walls of Avebury temple without noticing in its fabric anything more than a random assembly of mounds and boulders. But the moment Aubrey saw it, it became visible to all. Now every year crowds of visitors marvel at the huge scale of the work, the size and precision of the great stones, which three hundred years ago were considered merely an impediment to agriculture, and were broken up to clear the ground.

Photographic aerial surveys have now been made over much of Britain, and anyone who studies the prints must be struck by the vast number and extent of the regular geometrical lines to be seen both in crop marks and in existing tracks and boundaries. From their obvious association . . . with structures known to be several thousand years old, it is evident that these lines were set out in prehistoric times. The evidence . . . points to the former existence of a civilization based on the manipulation of certain natural elements, a form of spiritual engineering whose implications are now barely conceivable.

The same dragons or serpents Stukeley saw all over Britain. From the northern islands of Scotland to the southern plains of Wessex the Druids had stamped the country with the sign of the serpent and the winged disc.

During the course of the 19th century the giant landscape figures . . . gradually faded from sight and were forgotten. It was only in modern times that the hidden giants were again brought to view. In the 1920's a Gloucestershire lady, Mrs Maltwood, caused a sensation by . . . her discovery of a group of enormous figures inscribed on the flat country between Glastonbury Tor and Camelot. These figures, their shape suggested by natural folds of the earth and the outlines of hills and rivers, their details perfected by artificial banks, roads and ditches, represent the twelve signs of the zodiac, each figure placed in order beneath its appropriate constellation.

Only in certain remote parts of the world are there still people who preserve something of the old magical system, once universal; and of all those . . . perhaps the best known are the aborigines of Australia. The earliest memories of the aboriginal race are expressed in terms of their native country. Its natural features, hills, streams and rocks, were shaped by elemental beings of the dream time, an endless age which preceded our own, and which still continues to flow in a dimension normally beyond our perception. The creative gods once traversed the country along paths whose lines are still remembered, for at certain seasons of the year they become animated by a vital force which fertilizes the earth and gives new life to plants and animals. To ensure the seasonal return of this force the aborigines perform certain rites. They paint tjuringas, arrangements of interlinked dots and circles exactly like those found on cup and ring stones in Europe. These lines and circles represent the sacred paths and centres of the Australian landscape . . . By contemplation of the pattern of lines and circles, aboriginal magicians receive messages from far across the country, accurately foretelling the arrival of strangers, the approach of sudden storms and changes in the weather.

In China they are known as *lung-mei*, the paths of the dragon, and run between astronomical mounds and high mountains. These dragon paths are very mysterious and little is known about them outside China . . . The Chinese believed that *lung-mei* extended all over the world, and this belief is everywhere supported by the evidence of local tradition. In Australia and North America the dragon lines are creation paths, haunted by the gods and by the great primeval serpent, the ancestral guardian of all living things.

'Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.—Jeremiah vi. 16.'

The Romans were not particularly surprised to find so many stretches of straight track in Britain, for they came across them in every country they invaded. All over Europe, across North Africa, throughout Crete and as far as Babylon and Nineveh they laid straight roads along routes known to have existed long before their arrival. It seems that the Romans' reputation as builders of straight roads was due to their deliberate policy of converting the sacred paths of the natives into imperial routes for the flow of militarism and commerce. Unaware of any source of power except through trade and conquest, the Romans may have thought that in laying roads along the lines of their predecessors they were re-establishing a lost political empire. The straight paths which the Romans found, dried up arteries of a waning current, conducted the legions to the very centre of the districts they set out to conquer. A new military power flowed through veins once animated by another, subtler force.

There can be no doubt that the dragon current refers to some natural flow of force, related to the earth's magnetic field and only rediscovered in modern times by the late Wilhelm Reich who called it orgone energy . . . It is present throughout the Universe in every particle of matter, in every area of space. It is in constant flow, ever initiating new cycles of creation, growth and death. Though mass-free and therefore hard to isolate, it provides the medium through which magnetic and gravitational forces manifest their influence. Reich described how this energy could be trapped or accumulated by the construction of a chamber lined with some inorganic material and covered on the outside with alternate layers of organic or inorganic matter. A person spending some time within this orgone accumulator becomes subject to an increased orgone flow which stimulates his vital energy and the natural rhythmic processes of his metabolism.

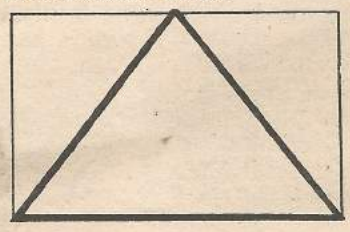
We know that the whole surface of the earth is washed by a flow of energy known as the magnetic field. Like all other heavenly bodies, the earth is a great magnet, the strength and direction of its currents influenced by many factors including the proximity and relative positions of the other spheres in the solar system, chiefly the sun and moon . . . Over firm, flat country it is placid and regular, while over rocky, broken land it becomes violent and disturbed.

The process began with the discovery of the natural centres and streams of the sacred current, the springs, wells and fissures from which it issues. These places . . . were linked by ridges, earthworks and lines of stone, providing regular channels for the spiritual irrigation of the countryside. Obstacles were removed which might impede the harmonious flow and create areas of stagnant energy; rough places were made smooth that the stream might run without violent haste. Along the lines above the springs of energy accumulation chambers, buried within mounds, were constructed to stand between pillars and mounds.

These upright stones were essential to the great . . . climax of all prehistoric ritual, the introduction of solar or atmospheric energy into the terrestrial life current. It is well known that flashes of lightning have an effect on the nitrates of the earth, through which they can be absorbed by plants, thus ensuring the seasonal return of fertility. This process, regarded in the past as the act of union between the earth and the heavens, is indeed necessary for the continuation of life; for if there is no lightning, the earth becomes barren.

There is strong evidence for the existence of a genuine tradition of flight in the ancient world with or without the help of airships . . . The tradition is that the people . . . knew the secret of more subtle forces, now totally forgotten, by which solid vehicles, perhaps made of stone like the airship of Mog Ruith, could be transported through the air . . . Everywhere the stories by which local people explain the construction of megalithic monuments (the Baalbek platform, Stonehenge, mountaintop cities of the Andes, the Great Pyramid) refer to some magic, often involving the use of sound, by which great stones could be induced to float in the air or grow lighter and easier to handle as is the case when a stone is moved through water . . . And the oral tradition . . . refers to the lost world that Plato called Atlantis, to the days when men could fly and when great stones could be manipulated by the use of sonic and other subtle forces.

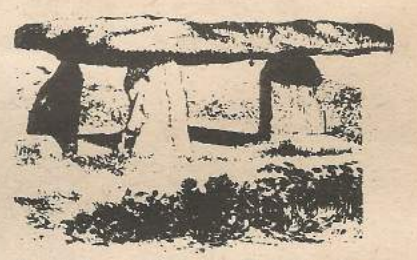
It has, however, often been observed that the Great Pyramid, while *in* Egypt, is not *of* Egypt. Like the earliest and most perfect structures of Mexico it appears to refer to some former worldwide civilization, whose very existence is no longer publicly acknowledged . . . That there have been worlds and civilizations before our own there can be no reasonable doubt.



. . . no-one who has studied the subtle ratios which the Pyramid contains, has doubted that in them is concealed some enigma, perhaps a coded message from a doomed civilization . . . It was constructed for a magical and sacred purpose, as a vehicle for transcending the material state, for travel in space, through time and into a further dimension.

A problem which has faced all students of the Pyramid is that of the missing tip . . . It may be supposed the small gold pyramid at (the tip) was itself topped by another, a miniscule pyramid, just over 3/100ths of an inch high, no larger than a little seed. And the seed in turn contains a small speck which, though almost invisible, is a precise replica of the Great Pyramid on a scale of 1:564. It is from this germ that the whole vast structure grew . . . a strong possibility that the seed at the apex of the gold tip was a diamond or some other form of crystal.

Throughout its history the Pyramid has been the scene of strange events and apparitions . . . It is said at times to vibrate with deep sound . . . There is also a strange light which local Bedouins see at certain times hovering over its peak. Some years ago an American, William Groff, saw this light which appeared as a flame issuing from the Pyramid . . . There are other reports of . . . circular lights, even recently of flying saucers, seen to stand in the air above the Pyramid. Whatever may be the nature of the currents that the builders set out to control—and its construction undoubtedly played an important part in the vast engineering program whose aim was the fertilization of the entire Nile Valley—they are evidently still present, still capable of being reinvoked when their function is again recognized



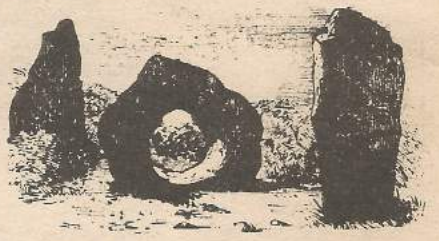
277.5MY is the length of the Great Pyramid's base. It is also the measure of the longer side of the Pyramid of the Sun in Mexico.

277.5 feet is the length of one side of the equilateral triangle . . . contained within the outer circle of Stonehenge.

277.5 feet is the diagonal of the Station stone rectangle at Stonehenge.

277.5 feet is the height of the equilateral triangle based on the diameter of the Stonehenge outer circle.

In many ways the beauty and proportions of Stonehenge seem, like the structure itself, beyond human contrivance, as if referring to the principles of some divine code whose very existence is no longer recognized . . . Kepler said that while compiling his system of the Universe he felt that he was following God in the sequence of his thoughts.



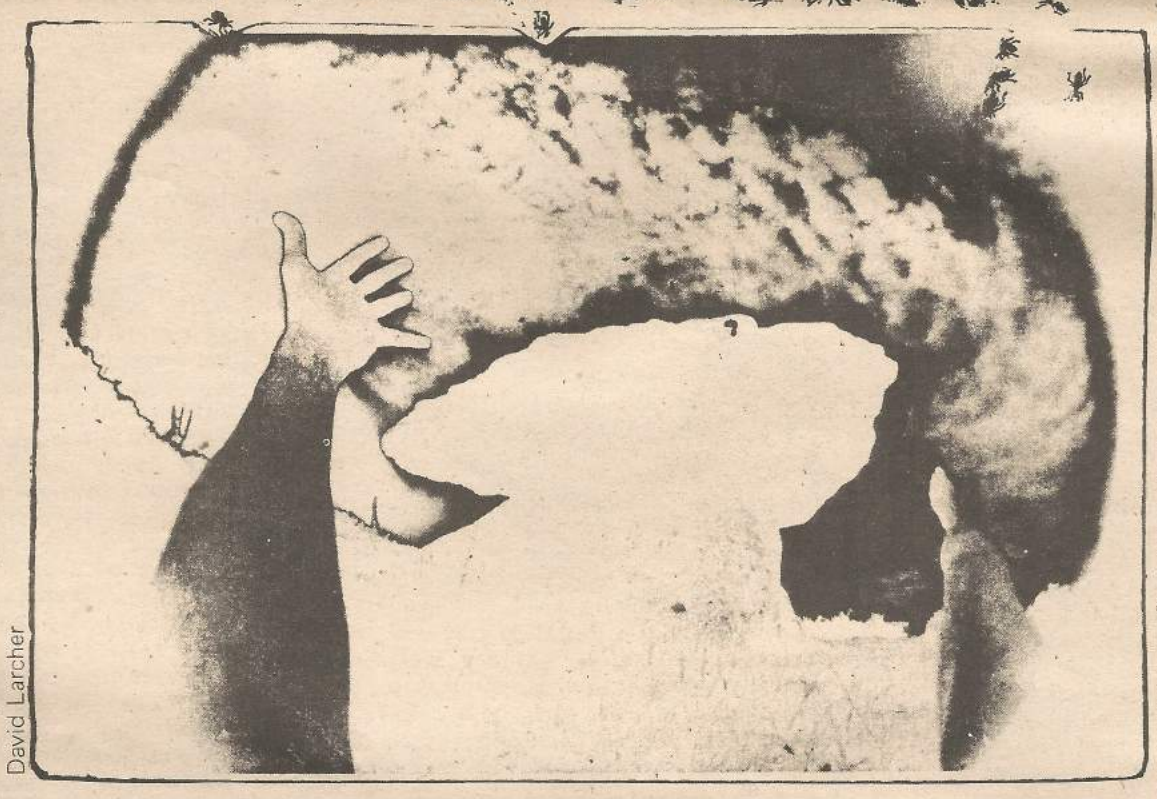
The Stonehenge geometry . . . is almost exactly the same as that of Glastonbury. The same series of equilateral triangles . . . is found at Glastonbury Abbey, springing from the chapel of St Mary, the site of the original wattle church, the first Christian foundation in Britain, where St Joseph of Arimathea together, it is said, with his young nephew Jesus, preached the message of a new age.

A great scientific instrument lies sprawled over the entire surface of the globe. At some period, perhaps it was about 4,000 years ago, almost every corner of the world was visited by a group of men who came with a particular task to accomplish. With the help of some remarkable power, by which they could cut and raise enormous blocks of stone, these men erected vast astronomical instruments, circles of erect pillars, pyramids, underground tunnels, cyclopean stone platforms, all linked together by a network of tracks and alignments, whose course from horizon to horizon was marked by stones, mounds and earthworks.

The catastrophic results of the new Americans' failure to inherit the geomantic lore of their predecessors is now becoming apparent in the endemic restlessness and unease of the present inhabitants and in what seems to be the inevitable approach of sterility to both land and livestock through the application of naive agricultural theories, together with the disregard on the part of politicians, generals and industrialists for the living, and therefore vulnerable, nature of their environment . . . It is hard to believe that the increasing number of people who are becoming aware of this state of things can fail to avert the ultimate disaster.

In the eyes of the philosophers of that time the earth was a living creature and its body, like that of every othere creature, had a nervous system within and relating to its magnetic field. The nerve centres of the earth, corresponding on the human body to the acupuncture points of Chinese medicine, were guarded . . . by sacred buildings, themselves laid out as microcosms of the cosmic order, the universal body of God.

As everyone knows, the earth is slowly dying of poison, a process . . . inevitably associated with many of the fundamental assumptions of modern technological civilization. The radical alterations to the social structure necessary to avert the approaching crisis may lie beyond the reach of achievement. For the instruments by which the task could be accomplished, the exact sciences of an advanced society, are still hopelessly unevolved.



David Larcher

The View Over Atlantis
by John Michell
Garstone Press 35/-

MIKEY MUSIC

By MICHAEL QUIGLEY

KARLHEINZ STOCKHAUSEN: KURZWELLEN (Deutsche Grammophon 2707 045)

Kurzwellen (Short-Waves) was composed in 1968 for Stockhausen's own performing group – Rolf Gehlhaar and Alfred Alings on tamtam (60" gong), Aloys Kontarsky on piano, Johannes Fritsch on electric viola and Harold Boje on electronium (an electronic keyboard instrument), with Karlheinz the Master running the potentiometers and filters connected to the tamtam and viola microphones. In addition to their instruments, each of the players has a short-wave radio.

The score for the piece is simple, yet complex. Each instrumentalist plays a sequence of successive events on either the radio on his instrument. These events are determined by a series of plus, minus or equal signs in the score which allow the play certain choices about the register, dynamics, duration and/or number of segments of each event. As well, the players must interact with each other according to yet another series of signs.

The results, being essentially improvisatory, require a certain type of interpretive consciousness among the players which (it seems to me) a listener should also have in order to fully understand and appreciate the performance. Even with concentrated listening, it is often hard to fully comprehend how the players are interacting with each other, especially when they're mixing short-wave with instrumental effects.

This album consists of two records, each of which contains a separate performance of Kurzwellen. The first was the premiere performance, recorded on May 4, 1968 for broadcast on Radio Bremen, while the second was taped for Westdeutscher Rundfunk on April 9, 1969.

There are notable differences between the two. In the earlier performance, one can sense a certain hesitancy in the flow of the piece, while the other progresses very smoothly, obviously since the players had been working on it together for nearly a year. (One wonders what they would perform it like today.) Also, the sonic quality of the 1969 performance is much better than that of the premiere, which is inflicted with a low bass hum throughout.

About the only complaint I have with both performances has to do with the instruction in the score that "Totally unmodulated realistic short-wave events (music, speech, etc.) should be avoided." What Stockhausen presumably wants to achieve here is the use of purely short-wave events for the instrumentalists to react to, though this would be difficult to achieve, since in tuning the radios, bits of music and speech are bound to occur. Pianist Kontarsky in particular reacts in several places to musical short-wave events (reproducing them with considerable accuracy), even though this is apparently not what Stockhausen wants.

I suppose I should finish this with a few standard words about how Stockhausen is further revolutionizing our sonic consciousness with Kurzwellen (though at a fair price), but I'll let Chairman Karlheinz close with a few words of his own from the liner notes to the album:

"What could be more general, more supra-personal, inclusive, universal, instantaneous than the broadcasts that become musical material in KURZWELLEN? How can we break out of the sealed world of radio waves that encase our globe like a musical retina? Does not a great deal of what we receive on our short-wave radios already sound as if it came from quite different spaces, beyond speech, reportage, "music," morse code?

"KURZWELLEN is the culmination of a long development and at the same time the beginning of a new consciousness. Whatever happens consists only of what is broadcast NOW; it is structured by the human spirit, because of the interference of all broadcasts with one another, and is brought to a higher unity by the players during a performance. The former opposite of the old and the new, the far and the near, the familiar and the unfamiliar are dissolved. EVERYTHING is the WHOLE and SIMULTANEOUS. Tenses disappear, as will preconsciousness.

"And now? Into the world of extreme attainability, extreme unforeseeability, to whose limits we have thrust, something supra-terrestrial must penetrate, something which cannot yet be found on any radio on earth. Let us take up the search!"

ARNOLD SCHOENBERG: Piano Music – Jurg von Vintschger, piano (Turnabout TV-S34378)

Arnold Schoenberg's works for solo piano are milestone stuff in both the history of piano music and the history of music itself, even though compared to Stockhausen, they sound pretty innocuous. The 3 Piano Pieces, Opus 11 (1909), are early examples of "atonal" music, in which the traditional functions of a harmonic structure no longer apply, and in which there is no "key." The Six Little Piano Pieces, Op. 19 (1911) are delicate Webernish atonal miniatures, while in the 5 Piano Pieces, Op. 23 (1923-5), we get the first "twelve-tone" piece in the final Waltz. The Suite, Op. 25 (1924-5) is a brilliant tour-de-force, strictly twelve-tone in classical forms like a Prelude, Gavotte, Musette, Intermezzo, Minuet, and Gigue, while the two Piano Pieces, Opus 33a and b (1929 and 1932) display a further extension of Schoenberg's twelve-tone techniques.

Karlheinz Stockhausen: Would you buy a used short-wave radio from this man?

The only other complete recording of Schoenberg's piano music is that by Glenn Gould on Columbia MS-7098. It's very good, but Gould, as usual, tends to be erratic, ignoring expression marks, overpedalling and even leaving out some notes in the Opus 19 miniatures.

Jurg von Vintschger, who recently put out an album of piano music by Honegger, takes a more classical approach to the pieces than Gould, which produces better results. The only piece when von Vintschger fails is in Opus 33a, where he pays little attention to Schoenberg's dynamic markings. For a really superb performance of that piece plus the Piano Suite, one has to consult a long-deleted Epic disc by Charles Rosen. And then there's the old recording of the complete music by Schoenberg's friend Edward Steuermann, which is highly regarded by many and which Columbia should re-issue soon.

The sound on the new Turnabout album is good, but the surfaces on my copy were far from quiet (though those on the Canadian/Columbia pressings of the Gould album aren't very good either). Turnabout, incidentally, also has a good version of Schoenberg's Piano (and Violin) Concerto on TV-34051S, though the phony stereo of the recording sounds pretty disorienting unless played monophonically.

* * * *

As you probably know, Al Neil and his wife Marguerite in the last few years have developed a highly unique form of musical-theatrical performance. They'll be giving one of their all-too-few local concerts at the Vancouver Art Gallery this Thursday night at 8:30, and the title of the show is "Songs of War and Peace." Al has threatened me that I'd better be there, and I would suggest that you do the same for an evening you likely won't forget. Admission is cheap at a buck.

Al also sends word of some upcoming concerts back east: The National Gallery in Ottawa on Sept. 23, Montreal Museum of Fine Arts on Sept. 26, and Queen's University Art Gallery in Kingston on Sept. 28. So if you're in those areas, check the performances out.

* * * *

Good news arrived from the Vancouver Symphony just as I was about to burn my season's ticket. Four concerts of relatively modern music will be heard between October and December, all centered around Bartok's three piano concertos and his violin concerto. Here's the lineup:

October 13 – Bartok Piano Concerto #1, Appalachian Spring by Aaron Copland, Stravinsky's Symphony in Three Movements, and Four Sea Interludes from Peter Grimes by Britten. Simon Streatfeild conducts.

November 4 – Bartok Piano Concerto #2, Second Orchestral Set by Charles Ives, Floating by Nordheim (who's he?), and Lukas Foss' Baroque Variations. Lukas Foss conducts. The last work consists of three dream-like sections based on themes by Handel, Scarlatti, and Bach. The Bach section ('Phorion') ends with a duel for organ and percussion which includes everything but the kitchen sink.

November 19 – Bartok Piano Concerto #3, Kaleidoscope by Canadian composer Pierre Mercure, and Shostakovitch's Fifth Symphony. Boris Brott conducts.

December 17 – Bartok Violin Concerto, Stravinsky's Symphony of Wind Instruments and Walton's First Symphony. Streatfeild conducts.

The highest-priced tickets for the four-concert series are $15, which works out to $3.75 a concert – not a bad bargain at all.

Concerto in C Minus

By MARK JACQUES

The sound at the Kerrisdale Arena rock triple-header last Saturday night was, without a doubt, the worst I've heard in Vancouver in a very long time. Even the Kelly-Deyong crew couldn't save the day except for the privileged few hundred on the floor right in front of the stage. If someone from Mars walked in during the show, I'm sure he'd be amazed at all these people sitting and standing for four and a half hours in what virtually amounted to a sonic toilet.

I got to the concert a bit late and didn't notice too much about Atomic Rooster or Electric Chicken except that they were English and their organist knew a few Keith Emerson acrobatic moves. But then I spent most of their set getting drunk with some flacks in a dressing room, so I won't say any more.

Redbone were terrible. They started out a rap about Indians (which I couldn't hear because of the echo) and then played and played and PLAYED. Their music got repetitious to the point of monotony, and there's not much else can be said. The crowd predictably went nuts over them, but then I understand the Bon Ami pushers were having a field day.

Savoy Brown disappointed me. The last time I saw them, nearly a year ago, they played some real shit-stompin' rock 'n' roll. But since then, the group has changed and their musical style has changed a hell of a lot, and I can't say it's for the better. When they did get down to playing rock, it didn't sound like much.

A special Raised Finger goes to the bouncer who hustled a girl off stage unceremoniously during Savoy Brown's set. I was more surprised at the apathy of the crowd to this action, though – why didn't a few of them (a few of you) stomp on stage with(out) her in protest? Such is the dehumanizing power of rock, which still remains very much an "us" and "them" phenomenon.

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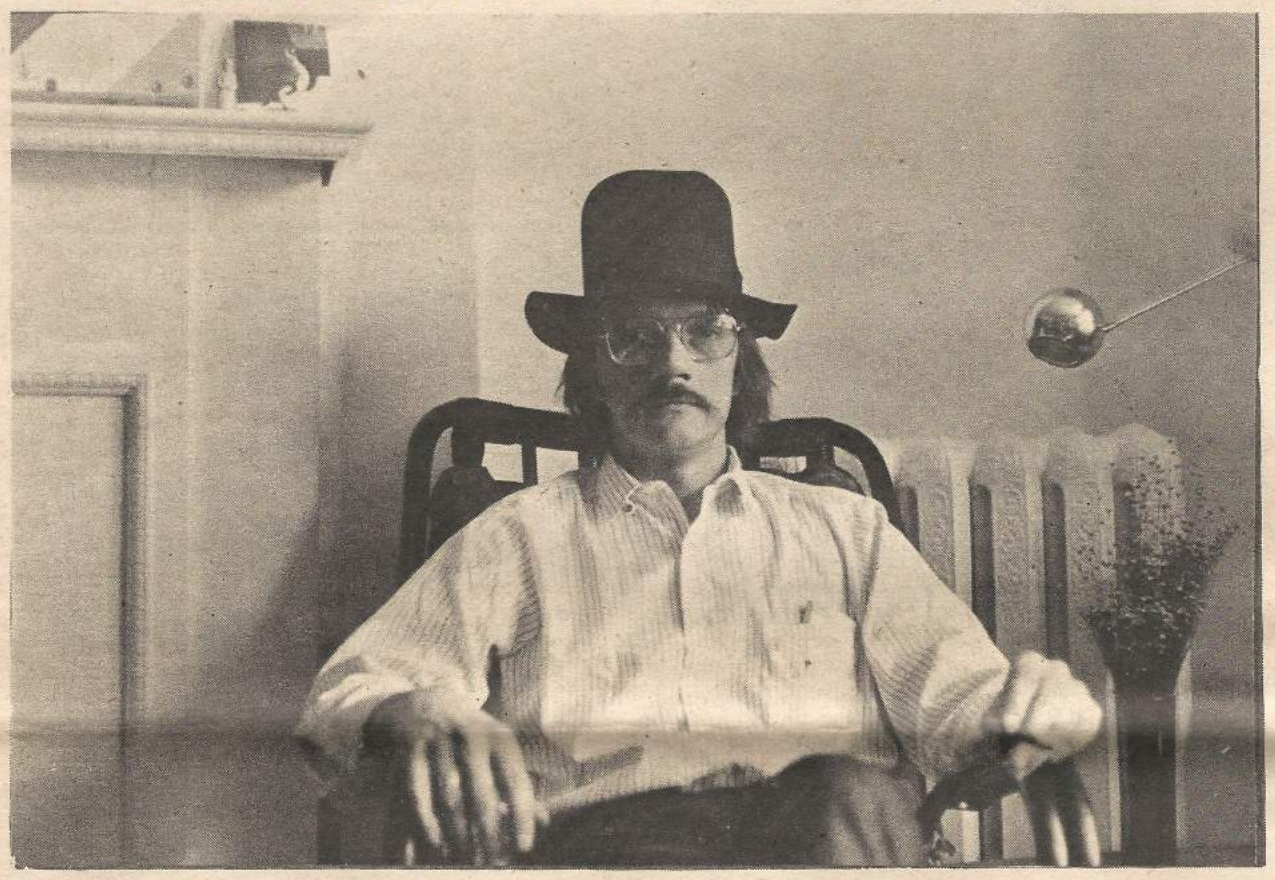
Don't ever call me "Chicken" again, George Bowering

By BETH JANKOLA

My motives were simple – gossip had told me that when you meet the ladies you say "wanna go to bed." I was feeling horny and besides I wanted to pick your brains. As a woman, I am always intensely jealous of the comrades the current man I am interested in has. . .infact I have always been aware that men have friendships among themselves, comradeships of a kind that no woman I know has and certainly it has never happened for me. What I wanted to know from you was how come you and Lionel Kearns have been friends for all these years? Lionel dedicated a book to you also he wrote a book to you also he wrote a book entitled LISTEN GEORGE etc etc etc.
So. . .I called you saying "this is Beth Jankola I write for the Georgia Straight local poetry investigations I was at your reading Friday noon at The Art Gallery how come no-one did a review on you you are famous in the East how about if I come over and we talk a-



bout it" (female tactics)
He said O.K. come in the early evening (vulnerable man).
So. . .I go. . .so
first A TRIP: (which means (to me) it is up to you to get involved with my trip or not – you are responsible).
Sam Perry said to me a couple of days before he took his body death 4 years ago "There are big bright stars seen by everyone, medium stars seen by afew and faint far away stars appreciated by one or two." Sam, you forgot to mention about clusters of 'stars.' Clusters are really obvious to the viewer. . .there are so many of them all there together guarantYING each other existence and categories.

REALITY:
I entered his cluster, I mean his house, to be greeted by warmth, warm polished wood, a table setting that includes wine glasses and a small dog called Frank that liked me when I invited him to approach me and even George Stanley was not unkind. Angel (I know your name is Angelis but I like to think that when you were a child your nickname was Angel), George's wife is carrying his child, and looking after his correspondence (I think). Some more of the cluster arrived later but what I want to talk about is George. I really missed your presence, George, when you left for 15 minutes to take "a poop". You said you liked teaching back east and told a story of teasing the 750 students about a football game and someone of the students threw a football at you and you watched it sail by your head and retorted "see another incomplete pass." I didn't want to go to the beer parlour with all those other people because I was convinced that Angel had decided that you should stay home with her and help her to do her giving birth exercises. I would have gone to the penny arcade with you, that is if Angel would have decided to stay home – all by herself. Poet. . .Poetry. . . the man is charming, exciting, generous (shared alot of ideas with us clusters), turned me on to a T.V. program called THE FLYING CIRCUS, gave me coffee.

A BETH POEM

Everytime
he came to my house
they flew around him
like a flock of sparrows
picking his brain.

Time for another TRIP: A FRITZ PERLS TRIP

I am getting through the impasse, I am listening to your voices. I have a SOUND relationship.
Do you sing or do you saw?
Do you stroke or do you rasp?
Is your voice dead or soaked in tears?
Are you machinegunning me with the rapidity and explosiveness of each of your words?
Do you put me to sleep with lullaby softness?
Do you take the breath away with the and. . .and. . . and. . .of your anxiety?
Do you scream at me, a shrew talking to a deaf neighbor over the fence?
Do you torture me with mumbling low sounds in order to make me strain and come to you to receive your mindless communications?
Or keep me on tenterhooks with stuttering, like telling endless jokes for just a tiny punchline
laugh?
Is your voice boomingly filling the room, evil leaving no place for anyone else?
Or are you whining, whining, whining, turning me into your wailing wall?
Or do you arouse tensions with elevated eyebrows underlining a conspiratorial whisper?
Do you punish me with the daggers of your Sunday School teacher's finger pointing screech?
Drown me with a priest's
oily suffocation?
Or are you engulfing me
loving sound vibrations?
Melting me and turning on
lush embracing fantasies?

George Bowering I went away from your poetry reading feeling like your wailing wall, you were "whinning whinning whinning." That is how it felt for me.

ROGER FALLING

He had only recently learned to walk but he was falling on his head just outside the back porch where the kitten was choked that was not there now neither kitten nor back porch. The porch was ript away & there were planks making a ramp & beside them an excavation with concrete walls & the bottom covered with round boulders because Lawrence or Oliver is in the path of an old late ice age glacier. He was falling or pusht by a deliveryman into the excavation this way my little brother Roger nine years younger than I was he was galling head first into the path of the glacier on his head nine feet down on a boulder. My brother, I had first heard of him outside the back porch doing my back yard duties, how do you like having a little brother my father said. I wasnt guilt till I thought they might think it guilt I watcht it but not like the cat I went, it was just slow or panic, into the kitchen hollering Roger's in the excavation & my sister tried to pick him up & carry him up & out. How do you like having a little brother, he could just barely walk & now he slept in the dark room near the elm trees with me with a steel clamp in his skull with a plaster bandage around his head, how do you like your new hat, we called it Roger's new hat but that night he was asleep & I prayed in the room that God would let him live & let his skull be all right. I dont remember him falling. All right.

(chapter 25 of Autobiology)

To be published by: Stan Persky in Georgia Straight Writing Supplement, Vanc. Series.

The saving grace;
On that same day of your poetry reading I went to Capilano Stadium to watch the Zephyrs play softball in the Kosmic League Tourney and you George Bowering were playing shortstop and you had a pseudonym "The Whip." I saw you do incredible things, in the heat of excitement, I saw you rush over and kiss Brad when he had made a marvelous catch, I saw you goose Dazzy Vance just before he had to face an up-tight pitching moment, and also I saw you zip your fly up and down a number of times when you were especially pleased with some Zephyr great play. The players and the fans and myself seemed delighted with your antics I said to myself is this the poet I heard reading at The Gallery this very same day? I decided that George 'the whip' Bowering is the performance and as an audience I adore performances and so then I became softer and recalled the following poem that you did perform for us at The ART Gallery:

BJ –
Sorry, I didn't
have an opportunity to
copy the other piece
you wanted – I had
this opportunity to
send this stuff
down.

GB

George said in his house, later, much later, that the above type of poem for him to write is rare, very rare.
I am fascinated, at the moment, in splits. Have you seen in the LIFE magazine an article about Fellini? There is a large photograph of him where 1/2 his face is clown and the other 1/2 is how we usually see him. TRIP: a R.D. Laing trip quoting a Jesus trip as recorded by the Gospel according to Thomas:

Jesus said to them:
When you make the two one, and
when you make the inner as the outer
and the outer as the inner and the above
as the below, and when
you make the female and the male into a single
so that the male will not be male and
the female not be female, when you make
eyes in the place of an eye, and a hand
in the place of a hand, and a foot in the place
of a foot, and an image in the place of an image,
then shall you enter the Kingdom.

Belinski On Bech

BECH: A BOOK by John Updike – a Fawcett Crest Book reprinted by arrangement with Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. – stolen, read and reviewed by pk belinski

BECH: A BOOK comes with a Foreword and two appendixes called A and B. Both Foreword and appendixes (appendicies?) are written by John Updike who opens the Foreword with "Dear John, Well, if you must commit the artistic indecency of writing about a writer, better I suppose about me than about you." Henry Bech is the subject of the book. He is Jewish, fortyish going on fifty, wrote a greatly acclaimed first novel Travel Light, is suffering a writing block, goes from mistress to mistress looking for the ideal woman, lives in a shabby but large New York apartment, and dislikes all CAUSES, SLOGANS, MODERN LIFE IN AMERICA, THE LITERARY LIFE, SMUG REVOLUTIONARIES and has an immense nostalgia for his YOUTH which happened co-incidentally with THE DEPRESSION.

From the Foreword px belinski learns that BECH: A BOOK is "concerned . . . with our oppression, with the silken mechanism whereby America reduces her writers to imbecility and cozenage. Envied like Negroes, disbelieved like angels, we veer between the harlotry of the lecture platform and the torture of the writing desk, only to collapse, our five-and-dime Hallowe'en priests' robes a-rustle with economy-class jet-set tickets and honorary certificates from the Cunt-of-the-Month Club, amid a standing crowd of rueful, Lilliputian obituaries. Our language degenerating in the mouths of broadcasters and pop yellers, our formal designs crumbling like sand castles under the feet of beach bullies, we nevertheless and incredibly support with our desperate efforts (just now, I had to look up "desperate" in the dictionary for the ninty-ninth time, forgetting again if it is spelled with two "a's" or three "e's") a flourishing culture of publishers, agents, editors, tutors, Timeniks, media personnel in all shades of suavity, chic, and sexual gusto."

Henry Bech caught perhaps by the "silken mechanism" goes on a government sponsored tour to Russia, Bulgaria and Rumania in the interests of CULTURAL EXCHANGE. Bech's problem in Russia is that he is given 1500 rubles but has no way to spent it because everything is paid for by his hosts. With his companion and "translator-escort; Ekaterina Alexandrovna Ryleyeva . . . a notably thin red-headed woman with a flat chest and a translucent wart above her left nostril" Henry Bech plots to spend the money on an expensive leather suitcase. In none of the large dept. stores they visit can such an item be found. He finally accepts a cardboard one with a garish plaid design and then has the brainstorm of blowing the rest on some furs for friends back home. He gets the furs but as he is boarding the plane for Rumania the suitcase bursts open. The furs fortunately are recovered.

In Rumania accompanied by the inevitable translator-escort (this time a man by the name of Petroscu who had translated into Rumanian Types, Pierre, Life on the Mississippi, Sister Carrie, Winesburg, Ohio, Across the River and Into the Trees, and On The Road) Bech "confronts" a Rumanian writer and his wife who had accompanied him on a night-club tour. "They stood, the two of them, on the cobbled pavement, as if on opposite sides of a transparent wall on one side of which was lacquered with Scotch and the other with Vodka. The other's rimless glasses were misted and the resemblance to Teddy Roosevelt had been dissipated. Bech asked him, "What do you write about?"

"The wife patting her nose with a hankerchief and struggling not to cough, translated the question, and the answer, which was brief. "Peasants", she told Bech. "He wants to know, what do you write about?"

"Bech spoke to him directly, "LA BOURGEOISE," he said; and that completed the cultural exchange.

In Bulgaria Bech pursues a mild flirtation with a poetess, is introduced to a collection of Bulgaria's literary nabobs and czars and the meeting "was the usual one, the one that, with small differences, he had already attended in Moscow and Kiev, Yerevan and Alma-Ata, Bucharest and Prague: the polished oval table, the bowl of fruit, the morning light, the gleaming glasses of brandy and mineral water, the lurking portrait of Lenin, the six or eight patiently sitting men who would leap to their feet with quick blank smiles. These men would include a few literary officials termed "critics" high in the party, loquacious and witty and destined to propose a toast to international understanding; a few selected novelists and poets, mustachioed, smoking, sulking at this invasion of their time; a university professor, the head of the Anglo-American Literature department, speaking in a beautiful withered English of Mark Twain and Sinclair Lewis; a young interpreter with a moist handshake; a shaggy old journalist obsequiously scribbling notes; and, on the rim of the group, in chairs placed to suggest that they had invited themselves, one or two gentlemen of ill-defined status, fidgety and tireless, maverick translators who would turn out to be the only ones present who had ever read a word by Henry Bech." To the Bulgarian poetess Bech inscribes a note on one of his jacketless copies of The Chosen (not to be confused with another more popular work of the same title) stolen from the U.S. embassy in Sofia this message, "Dear Vera Glavanakova – It is a matter of earnest regret to me that you and I must live on opposite sides of the world."

Back in America Bech temporarily deserts his apartment and heads off to a Massachusetts island with his mistress, his mistress's sister, and her two kids. In this country hide-away crammed with "other writers, television producers, museum directors, under-secretaries of state, old NEW MASSES editors possessively squatting on seaside acreage bought for a song in the Depression, movie stars whose forties films were now enjoying a Camp revival, and hordes of those handsome, entertaining professionless prosperous who fill the chinks between the celebrities" – in this country hide-away Bech meets a former student of his Wendell Morrison – "English 1020 at Columbia, 1963." Wendell thinks Bech is IT as a writer but it develops that Wendell is also into, besides literature, LSD and pot. Bech's mistress Norma wants some LSD because it will be an EXPERIENCE. Upshot of the Meeting of the Generations – everyone gets high on pot in preparation for an LSD trip – Wendell and Norma go to Wendell's place – Wendell and Norma return and announce they have flushed one gram of LSD down the toilet – that night Bech slips out of Norma's bed and takes up with her sister Bea.

In the next chapter, entitled BECH PANICS, Henry accepts an invitation and fee of $1000 to visit a southern rich girls college and talk literature. The college has two "colored" girls because the student body by its own initiative had integrated itself. Bech at dinner one evening gets into a "literary" conversation with one of the two who was "rather light-skinned, with an Afro hair-do cut like an upright loaf of bread; she spoke to Bech in a voice from which all traces of Dixie had been clipped. "Mr. Bech," she said, "we admire your gifts of language but wonder if you aren't now and then, somewhat racist?"

"Oh? When?" –

"In TRAVEL LIGHT, for example, you keep calling Roxanne a Negress."

"But she was one." He added, "I loved Roxanne."

"The fact is, the word has distinctly racist overtones."

"Well what should we call them?"

"I suppose you might say 'black women.'" But her primness of tone implied that she, like a spinster lecturing on male anatomy, would rather not call certain things anything at all. Bech was momentarily roused from his funk by this threat, that there were holes in language, things that could not be named. He told her, "Calling you a black woman is as inexact as calling me a pink man."

"She responded promptly. "Calling me a Negress is as insulting as calling you a kike."

Before leaving Bech awards a poetry prize of $25, "writing as citation:

> Miss Haynsworth's poems strike me as technically accomplished making their way as good loyal citizens under the tyranny of rhyme, and as precociously rich in those qualities we associate with poetesses from Sappho on – they are laconic, clear-eyed, gracious toward the world, and in their acceptance of our perishing fraility, downright brave."

Bech then goes to London where he is interviewed by a non-smoker non-drinker named Tuttle who is going to do the DEFINITIVE Bech interview for the OBSERVER. Bech also takes up with a society columnist named Merissa. Results of the DEFINITIVE interview–"Queries concerning the flowery, not to say fruity, style of THE CHOSEN, Bech shrugged off the entire problem of style, claiming (facetiously) that he never thinks about it . . . Of the book's profound failure, the crippling irreconcilability of its grandiouse intentions and the triviality of its characters' moral concerns, Bech appears blissfully unaware, taking refuge in the charming if rather automatically gnomic, disclaimer that "as you grow older, life becomes more complicated" . . . This interviewer was struck by Bech's breezy garrulousness; his charm operates as a screen against others – their menacing opinions, the raw STUFF of their life – just as, perhaps, drink operates within him as a screen against his own deepest self-suspicions . . . counter-revolutionary nostalgia . . . possibly ironical faith in "entrepreneurnism" . . . nevertheless undoubted verbal gifts."

Results of the nights spent with Merissa – "Merissa had a tamey week . . . The new acoustics in Albert Hall are still worse than those on Salisbury plain . . . John & Oko will cut their next record standing on their heads, their bottoms painted to resemble each other . . . Swinging L. was a shade more swingy this week when the darling American author (Travel Light, Brother Pig and don't look blank their in Penguins) Bech dropped in at Revolution and other In spots. The heart of many a jaded bird beat brighter to see Bech's rabbinical curls bouncing in time to "Poke Salad Annie" and other Now hits. Merissa says: Hurry Back, H.B., transatlantic men are the most existential . . . He was visiting Londinium to help push la creme of his creme, BECH's BEST, a J. J. Goldschmidt release, with a dull, dull jacket – the author's pic is missing. Confidentially, his heart belongs to dirty old New York . . ."

In the last chapter BECH ENTERS HEAVEN, a pantheon of greats near greats and others who have got press officers who convince everyone that they are great. Here Bech's nostalgia for his Jewish past and very pushy possessive Jewish mother is exposed for all to read. Closing sentence "He had made it, he was here, in Heaven. Now what?"

After Heaven the two appendices A and B. Here follows a quote at random – "Nov.5 . Lake Sevan, grim gray sulphuric beach, lowered lake six feet to irrigate land. Land dry and rosy. Back at hotel, man stopped in lobby, recognized me, here from Fresno visiting relatives, said he couldn't finish THE CHOSEN, asked for autograph. Dinner with Armenian science fiction writers, Kate in her element, they want to know if I know Ray Bradbury, Marshall McLuhan, Vance Packard, Mitchell Wilson. I don't. I say I know Norman Podhoretz and they ask me if he wrote NAKED AND DEAD." That's all for now folks.

Venceremos.

Savage God

by STEVE COOK

In John Juliani's theatre the whole is never equal to the sum of its parts. The parts themselves, characterization, dialogue, or especially the motivations which give meaning to characterization and dialogue, are fragmented, reversed, molded – anything to shatter the illusion that in the theatre or in life there is a natural, inexorable order of things.

What we assume to be the natural order is what our senses or intellect impose on events. Juliani opens up the theatre to let the actor and spectator feel his way about the essentially chaotic nature of experience. The Savage God company is currently presenting three weeks of free, juliani theatre at the Vancouver Art Gallery and other locations. Although the starting point is always bits and pieces from the classical theatrical repetoire, what follows on any given night results from the improvisational abilities of the actors or the suggestions of those who come to watch.

What can happen? Halfway into the "to be or not to be" soliloquy from Hamlet a spectator interrupts to request that the actors play the scene differently. They do. Habib Ageli in the role of Othello intersperses lines of Arabic from Kahil Gibran's translation. Lady Macbeth is played twice – once with the chilling madness we associate with her name and then again exaggerated with the over-stylized movements of an early Eisenstein film.

There is more thanShakespeare – Arrabal, Beckett, Chekov, Ibsen, Pirandello and Strindberg as well as original pieces by the company are offered. Each night is different, each night the Savage God players give you the chance to see what real theatre, living theatre can mean.

by KENT ALEXANDER

Before an audience of sixty-plus, Juliani and company stripped the frills from the theater and presented a striking performance of Anton Chekov's one act play, The Bear.

The handful of actresses and actors carried out the French vaudeville in a manner that causes one to reconsider the established theater when one can view a major playwright's work without the usual admission price and the elaborate setting.

The Bear deals with a man-women relationship with woman's rights (right on!) thrown in for flavor.

John Juliani, who besides putting together the plays on a very small budget, also acts in his productions.

Speaking with Juliani one finds that he too is doing what he can to show this present system that huge profits are not necessary and that all that is necessary is the playwright, actors/actresses and the audience.

So if one wishes to stop paying admissions and truly view a company that is in the business for the "sake of art", then one should truck on down to the Vancouver Art Gallery and see Savage Bear's work.

RICK McGRATH ON HOLIDAYS

BUY & SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND! SELL

We can run your lega ads. Why should the estab. press get all that $$$???

Messages

Mike Thompson contact McKenzie or Dave income assured coming home? No hassle we care abt u.

John McLean Val or friends knowing their whereabouts contact Al 1214-13 St E Saskatoon

Lorna Fleming Stanley, visited Van 18 Aug Left 22 Aug Please write we love you. Eric & Glo.

Buy the G.S. right in your neighborhood. See list of stores next page.

Musicians Free Ad

Lead singer now with local working group would like to join/form new group–Jed 434-1526

Tenor player wanted for rock band 435-7820 Terry

Offer

Pottery classes & workshop wheel work glazing etc. at Potters Center to start Sept 13. Limited enrolment. Phone 261-4764 G. Alfred.

Housing registry: free service You want a room in a communal house? vacancy in your house? want to start one? call Co-Op People, 1895 Venables, 254-7166

Reliable inexp. repairs on Peugeot VW Volvo etc. 254-2751

Found

Black male kitten I.D. - animal clinic ft. Wainwright & Fairbanks rabies#0935 at SPCA

LOST

Lost: woman's watch, Wreck Bch last Friday, reward, 876-8646.

Lost dog Stanley Park small br. wh. border colly "Sally" 524-9255

Travel

Need ride to Toronto soon as possible John or April 7311930

Ticket to London Sept 4 $100 988-9908

Ride wanted to Oregon between 2nd & the fourth of Sept. call Elaine 874-2607 will share exp.

Rent

Room $45 communal house 879-4909

Room in good communal house $45. 572 W. 19th.

To couples for communal house 6 rms gas heating. Ph 435-1986

Rooms in flat $55-60 872-7231

Couples or singles to share large house near Main 879-2263

For Sale

Dual 1219 turntable solid state 40 watt amp headphones & speakers $300. 278 Union St. Laird

Deyong spkr cab for single 15'' lead or bass $35. 876-6348.

59 Int 1/2 t panel truck $350/ best offer 732-9027 after 5:30

1 cash register p# 688-5025 or 327-5429 2 showcases antiques mahagoni

Leather for sale 48 East Cordova. Ph 688-5025 Ladigo

60 Hillman Minx $75 Sanyo 60 wt stereo amp $90 must sell leaving country 732-3124

1958 VW bug ex condition $275 929-2625

PHONE THE

MAD KING

HE WILL SAVE YOU $$$ ON A GOOD USED CAR Phone recorded message 434-8920 or 437-5030

SORRY no non-certified cheques for classifieds please use m.o.

Wanted

Stories wanted. Nominal payment if req'd. GS, 56a Powell.

Job Offer

LAWYERS WANTED
In all Can. cities outside B.C. to check divorce forms for people doing their own. Small fee. Write Gratton Gray, c/o G.S.

Chinese-speaking sales representative needed part-time. Nominal payment if required. Leave message for Korky, GS, 688-3686

Go-go girls wanted apply 12-6 pm Club Zanzibar 1129 Howe St

Make $1-$2 an hr. Sell G.S. on the streets. You're your own boss. Come into our office to get started, 56a Powell, Gastown.

New Westminster wholesale representative wanted for Georgia Straight. Must have centrally located address, preferably an already-established business such as record store, head shop or boutique. If you qualify, write Dan McLeod, 56A Powell St., Vancouver 4, stating qualifications, address & telephone no.

Personal

Georgia Straight does not endorse these ads, but believe people should be able to express themselves here. Men seeking women seldom receive replies.

Young man who needs a home and understanding invited to share view house with middle-aged man 732-3226 after 5 Let's tal.

Selective couple fond of dancing dinning wish to meet couple for same and fun photo welcome strict confidence 25-35 age Box 743.

DEADLINES for classified ads: Sunday & Wednesday at 8:30 pm

BUSTED HEADS Aug.24-Aug.30

Poss Mari: P. Sullivan; A. Bronstein ($150 or 14 days & prob 1 yr: Judge Sedgwick); B. Croteau; K. Whitehead ($175 or 14 days & prob 18 mons: Judge Sedgwick); W. Harris; W. Nixon (dismissed: Judge Layton); E. Long; L. Pompey; D. Kimbrough A. Berry-Ann; W. Orr; R. Rivard (dismissed: Judge Bewley); M. Brettell (dismissed: Judge Bewley); G. Mackie (1 mon & prob 2 yrs: Judge Sedgwick); L. Mohart; B. Thomas; J. Lakusta ($175 or 14 days & prob 18 mons: Judge Sedgwick); B. Williams (withdrawn: Judge Sedgwick); A. Wallace; N. Cloyd ($175 or 14 days & prob 18 mons: Judge Sedgwick); G. Scott

Poss Mari for Purp o Traffic: R. Gideon; F. Gideon, D. Hodson; D. McGee; E. MacCallum; D. Rotarius; C. Wells; N. Raftis;

Traffic Mari: A. Barry-Ann; D. Kimbrough; L. Pompey; R. Thibeau;

Poss Hash: W. Ryckman; J. Wilkinson ($150 or 14 days & prob 1 yr: Judge Sedgwick); A. Fortson; J. Lewis; P. Basett; R. Steckman ($400 or 1 mon: Judge Layton); J. Ellis; W. Nicholson (withdrawn: Judge Sedgwick); B. Ross (withdrawn: Judge Moffatt); S. Baker (withdrawn: Judge Moffatt); H. Van Dorp; W. Lockwood; G. Scott;

Poss Hash for Purp of Traffic: T. Kennedy;

Traffic Hash: J. Embree;

Poss LSD: R. Duguay (3 mons def & 12 mon indef: Judge Sedgwick); G. Shields; A. Paulus (6 mons: Judge Bewley); A. Daniels; W. Harris; H. Van Dorp; R. Roman; D. Morland; S. Adams ($125 or 30 days & prob 15 mons: Judge Sedgwick); R. McMahon (susp sent & prob 3 yrs: Judge Bewley);

Poss LSD for Purp of Traffic: K. Fenton; R. Moorland (withdrawn: Judge Moffatt); R. Martens (withdrawn: Judge Moffatt); G. Pinette;

Traffic LSD: W. Hoey; M. Chouinard; B. Pennie (susp sent & prob 2 yrs: Judge Bewley); R. Moerland (dismissed: Judge Moffatt); R. Martens (dismissed: Judge Moffatt); A. Daniels; S. Pytlik;

TUESDAY

August 31

THEATRE: Savage God: 'Shakespeare 5' Van Art Gall, 12:10. Free. 'Shakespeare 6' Art Gall 8:30 pm.

CRAFTS: All day, photography, complete darkroom, linotype & woodblock printing, 7:30 pm guitar lessons in Zoom Rm., Stadium Gall, 4601 Ontario St. Free. Weekly.

MEET: Women's Lib All., 1776 Alberni St., 7:30 pm ev. Tues. & Thurs. Free.

COFFEEHOUSE: Back door Coffeehouse 7:30-11 pm. 1600 Cliff Ave, N. Bby. Also Wed til Sept. Free. Weekly.

MEET: Gay Alliance Towards Equality (GATE) General meeting. Unitarian Center 49th & Oak. 8 pm.

P.N.E.: Exhibition, rides, gambling, food, livestock shows, science buildings & more until Sept 6. 9 am-midnight. Adults $1.50, kids 25¢.

THEATRE: 'Hair' Queen E. TH. til Sept 4. Ti¢ket$ at the Bay Box office. $4.50-$7.50. Info, reservations, 681-3351.

FILMS: 4 Beatles movies-Magic Th. Adults $2, studts. $1.50, kids 75¢. 7:00 pm. Will be showing if popular. Info, 688-9129.

PHOTO DISPLAY: An image of Vancouver formed fr. interviews of a cross section of Van residents. 2nd floor gallery, Planetarium daily, free

PLANETARIUM: The Kingdom of Apollo & The Way of All Stars. Daily except Monday. For info, 736-4431. $1 admiss.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Georgia Straight
56a Powell St.
Van. 4, B.C.

Fill in this form and enclose payment in advance. (\$1 for the first line; 50¢ for each line thereafter. Add 50¢ if you want a Georgia Straight box number.) Mail we receive to box numbers will be sent unopened in a plain envelope to your address. No ads taken over the phone. Send money order. No cheques.

NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
CITY ....
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Put one letter or punctuation mark in each space. Leave an empty space between words.

________________	$1.00
________________	$1.50
________________	$2.00
________________	$2.50
________________	$3.00
________________	$3.50

FAIR WARNING: We may refuse illegal or improperly filled out ad forms.

CHEEP THRILLS

WEDNESDAY

September 1

LECTURE: Psycho-Cybernetics. Georgia Hotel Ballroom. 8 pm. Free.

CONCERT: Peter Strummer, baritone, June Richards piano. Van Art Gall, noon free.

THEATRE: Savage God: 'Pirandello', Van Pub Lib, 12:10; Eglington, Van Art Gall 8:30 pm. Free.

FOLK & BLUES WORKSHP: At the Old Cellar, 8:30-11:30. Bring your axe, performers free. 50¢ for listners. Wkly.

FILM: Outdoor films at Sunset Beach. Free at sundown. Weekly.

MEET: Vancouver Feminists, plus rap groups. Phone 685-1187 or 873-2288. Wkly. 7:00 pm.

MEET: Women's Liberation Alliance 1776 Alberni 7:30 pm weekly. All women welcome.

THURSDAY

September 2

RADIO: Buckminster Fuller discuss the importance of cycles in his life, work & thoughts CBC FM, 7:00 pm.

NOON EVENT: David Watmough, mono-dramas. Van Art Gallery. Free.

THEATRE: 'Songs of War & Peace' an evening of music, dance, poetry, collage & costumes Al & Marguerite Neil. Van Art Gall, 8:30 pm. Public $1, students 75¢.

MOVIE: 'Coogan's Bluff' w. Clint Eastwood. Stadium Gall, 8 pm. Free.

THEATRE: Savage God: 'Chekov', Van Pub. Lib 12:10 pm.; 'Gestalt 2', Mido Gall, 8:30 pm. Free.

MEET: Free Tenants Rights Clinics, c/o bulletin board in basement of Gordon House, 1068 Davie St., need people to help expand clinics. 7:00-9:00 pm.

DROP-IN: Gay Lib from 6 pm on, 509 Carrall St. Wkly. Free. All welcome.

COURSE: Creative Art Cen., instr. in leather candle making etc. A&O Found 115 E. 2nd, 876-4532. Weekly.

COURSE: Belt loom making Stadium Gall, next to Q. Eliz. Park. 1:30 pm.

CRAFTS: Life drawing, w. model & instruction, 9:00-12:00 am. Pre-sch. prog. also Thurs & Mon mornings 7:30 pm, folk dancing wkly. Stadium Gall, 4601 Ontario St.

MEET: Help create B.C. Access Catalogue II. Rainbow City Hall.

FRIDAY

PARTY: Beach Party ev. Fri. nite @ Spanish Banks W. thru the summer. Free.

COURSES: At Rainbow City Hall. Today: leather, media, photog., films. info.: 876-7104 Wkly. Free.

DROP-IN: W. Van. comm. cen. for Teens., Wed., Fri., 7 pm. Tues. 3:30-5:30pm Free.

DROP-IN: Gay Lib from 6pm on, 509 Carrall St. All welcome Free.

COFFEEHOUSE: Hastings Comm. Cen. 3096 E. Hastings 8-11pm. Wkly. Free for Teens.

COURSE: Creative Art Cen. instr. in leather, candle making, etc. A&O Found. 115 E. 2nd 876-4532.

COOK: Macrobiotic Cooking

STOP HIDING FROM YOUR WAR

Class 10-12 noon. 732-5456.

POETRY: Daphne Marlatt noon at Van Art Gall. Free.

THEATRE: 'Savage God' Van Pub Lib, 12:10 pm. 'Ibsen' Van Art Gall, 8:30 pm. Free.

FILMS: 4 flicks & Bob Dylan's 'Don't Look Back' Old Aud. UBC Complete shows 7:30 $1 adm. Also Sat.

TALK: Vanguard Forum 'Renegade Report on Poverty' Speaker Martin Thompson, formerly of Welfare Advising Counsel. 8 pm, 1208 Granville. 688-5924

SATURDAY

MEET Celtic Cenacle Soc. of J. Christ, 9am, 1895 Venables Free.

COFFEEHOUSE: For Gay Women, 9pm, w. music, dancing, rapping, 509 Carrall St., upstairs. Free.

CRAFTS: Belt loom making 1:30 pm, Stadium Gallery 4601 Ontario St. Wkly.

COURSE: Open access to power tools, musical instruments, silkscreen, movies, etc. 10 AM to 10 PM Free. Weekly. Stadium Gall., 4601 Ontario St.

MISSION PLEASURE FAIRE: Craftsman's market, beautiful surroundings. Take Hwy 7 thru Mission to Stave Lake Rd. to Dewdney Trunk Rd. to the fare. Adm. $2.00 under 14 yrs. Free Sept 5&6 also.

FILM: 4 films & 'Don't Look Back' See Friday.

THEATRE: Savage God: 'Betti' Van Art G, 2:30 pm. 'Ibsen' Burnaby Arts Center 8:30 pm. Free.

SUNDAY

September 5

MISSION PLEASURE FAIRE: See Saturday.

CRAFT MARKET: Summerset Lane needs more craftsmen. Unlimited open air space, some covered stalls $3 per Sunday several people can share Open 12 noon-6 pm thru Sept 26 next door to Burnaby Art Gall, 6450 Gilpin Dr for more info call 433-5810.

COURSE: Moving & dancing workshop. 10-12 am. Stadium Gallery. Weekly.

RELIGION: Bahai 9 pm. Herbal teas, etc. Free. 433-8785.

FEAST: Hare Krishna #305-260 Raymur St. 4 pm. $1 donation. Weekly.

MEET: Unempl. Citizens Welfare Improv. Coun. 8pm. 1895 Venables. Free.

FOLK MUSIC: At Rainbow City Hall. Play or just listen. Free coffee. 7pm-1am. Free.

SHOWBOAT: At Kits Beach. 8pm. Free.

FILMS: Wkly. Films in Lighthouse Park. If rain in Pk. Bldg. near Lighthouse. Free at Sundown.

SHOWBOAT: Band Concert at 7pm. Kits Beach. Free.

MONDAY

September 6

MISSION PLEASURE FAIRE: See Saturday

MEET: Come & rap about revolution at Youngbloods Center 3075 E. 8th around the back. 7:00 pm. Weekly.

DROP-IN: Craft drop-in, 10am-4pm., Mon-Fri. 1600 Cliff Ave. N. Bnby. till Sept.

COURSES: At Rainbow City Hall. Today: recycling clothes, Photog., ceramics, dancing, ed. workshop. info. 876-7104. Free. Wkly.

COURSE: Harmonica Class. Bring a Hohner C. Stadium Gall (4601 Ontario St.) 7:30 pm. Free.

COURSE: Hatha Yoga instruction Mon, Wed, Fri 7-8:30 pm. Wkly. 206 E. 6th Ave. 879-3703

CRASH

FREE unless otherwise indicated:

Age 15-25: gvt. referral service, The Trailer 1725 W. 7th Ave 736-9871, 5 pm-1 am.

Everyone: $2.50/day incl meals, $1 without; 321-2780; free if referred from The Trailer

Everyone: at UBC dorms, call 228-3700, 9 am-4:30 pm, small $.

Everyone: Cool-Aid 1822 W. 7th, 736-9971, warm floor only

Minors: Children's Aid, transients 872-8621; local 872-7711; night 683-2474, 395 W. Broadway.

Youth: Can. Youth Hostels 738-3128; annual fee & nightly fee.

Women 17-25: $1 nite. YW. 580 Burrard 683-2531 sleeping bag

Women: East Ender Hostel 1656 E. 4th, 254-2477. Lotsa hassle. $3 or referral from welfare, includes meals.

Women: YW Rms Registry; helps women find place to rent. 683-2531.

Women: Sally Ann, 1190 Wolfe St, 731-7320

Men: Salv. Army, Richards & Dunsmuir, 681-3405

Men: YMCA, Burrard & Haro, they charge.

Men: Welfare at 517 Hamilton St., 9-5 pm Mon-Fri, refers to Pacific Hastle.

Crash pads: call 24-hr. help phones & usually open phones.

Housing listing service: new edition every Fri at SUB, UBC

Mud City: camping at entrance to Stanley Park in People's Park.

Free housing reg'try: 254-7166

24-hr HELP

- Crisis Centre: 733-4111
- Togetherness: 524-8505 (New Westminster)
- In-Site: 926-5481 (W. Van)
- Fish: 299-4824

USUALLY OPEN PHONES

NOW: 736-7376

Intersection: 596-1727 (Surrey) Wed-Sun

Senior Line: (over 50) 732-3757, 11am-2pm & 7:30-10pm.

FREE LEGAL

People's Defence Fund: 733-3165. Lawyers for everyone. Some bail for polit. offenses. Donations, Acct #6889, Bank of N.Scotia, Hastings & Seymour, or K. Lester, G.S.

Legal Aid Clinics: 7-9 pm. (more info 872-0271)

- Monday, 1068 Davie
- Tuesday, 1824 Larch
- Tues 225 E.2nd, North Van
- Wed, 1144 Commercial
- Wed, for Indians, 2140 W. 12th, 736-6751
- Thur, 2444 E. 41st

Small Claims legal aid: Wed, 6:30-8:30 pm, 1068 Davie

Legal: 255-3269, 3075 E.8th:

- Class: Mon 7-8 pm
- Aid: Mon 8-9:30 pm

Legal Aid Soc: 687-1831

BC Civil Lib Soc: 224-4617

Free Beach Defence Fund (wreck nudism) Korky 254-7860

John Howard Soc: 872-5651

Sally Ann: 682-7168.

Action Line: write c/o The Province on any problem

Divorce assist: 872-0271

FREE MEDICAL

Cool-Aid clinics: 1952 W.4th 731-6929,

- Mon-Fri 2-5 pm
- Mon 8-10 pm
- Thur 6:30-7:30 pm, especially VD & birth control this night.

Medical clinics, incl. VD & birth contr, 874-2331:

- Mon 2:30-3 pm, 306 Abbott
- Tue 9:30 am, 535 Homer
- Tue 2 pm, 150 Robson
- Tue 7 pm, 1390 Granville
- Wed 3 pm, Last Chance, Arbutus & 4th Ave.
- Wed 7 pm, 1068 Davie
- Thur 10 am, 6th & Columbia, Keegenah House
- Fri 11 am, 1390 Granville
- Fri 2:30 pm, 306 Abbott

Govt VD Clinics (confidential for those over 12):

- Mon-Fri 8:30 am-1 pm, 2 pm-4pm, 828 W.10th, 874-2331
- Mon-Fri 4-5 pm, 537 Carnarvon, New West

Schizophrenics Anon: 327-2143 days & evenings.

Alcoholic Anon. under 30 group: 685-5623.

GEORGIA STRAIGHT

Medical Cont'd

Reach Clinic: 1144 Commercial, 9am-5pm Mon-Fri & Thur 7-9:30pm. Emeg'y med care & advice. 254-1354, if no ans: 684-2474.

Abortion referral: 872-0284, 872-0285, 874-8903

Abortion refer: Thur 7 pm, 3075 E.8th, 255-3269

Delousing: 312 Main. Police Stn. 11 am & 1 pm.

Neurotel: Phone friendship for those with neurological disorders, 879-5774, Tuesdays, 6:30-10 pm.

Community Health Cen: 2nd floor, Westbrook, UBC, 228-3149. Public health services for residents (technically) of Endowment Lands.

Metropolitan Health Service: 873-7011, 2675 Yukon. Public health services.

The House: help for soft drug bummers. 1040 W. 7th, 732-3301.

Family Planning Centre: 1530 W. 8th, pay on sliding scale; 733-1310

FREE DENTAL

Reach Clinic (dental): Mon & Thur 7-9:30pm at above address in Free Medical listings

Academy of Dentistry: UBC 879-9722 for appointment; during school yr; at cost.

Children Hosp. Dental Dept: 250 W.59th.

Dental Clinic: fo those without money, 1068 Davie St. Tues. 7-9 pm.

FREE FOOD

Vanc. Indian Centre Feed-In: 6 pm nightly, 1855 Vine St.

Feed-In: starts 4:30-5:30 daily. 1822 W.7th good quality.

Krishna feast: See Sunday Cheap Thrills. (Top quality)

FREE STORES

557 W.12th, Hut 12, Rainbow C.H.

Clothing: UCWIC 1726 W.7th & 1895 Venables

Clothing: 213 E. Cordova

Clothing voucher for over 18's: 319 E. Hastings

Clothing voucher for under 18's: 395 W. Broadway.

WOMEN'S LIB.

Women's Caucus: 684-0523 511 Carrall.

Women's Liberation Alliance: 1776 Alberni, 684-3535

GAY LIB.

Gay Alliance Toward Equality: 687-8048; 687-6302

Gay Sisters: 687-5927

Can. Gay Activists Alliance: 24 hr. line 685-4850.

Gay Liberation Front: PO Box 15, Stn. A; 6-10 pm 687-5927

Guide for the Naive Homosexual: Box 8969, Sta. H

NATURAL FOOD

The Nat. Food Store: 1813 W.4th

Vanc Health Foods: 1818 W.4th

Family's Market: 2724 W.4th

Shum Organic Food: 4366 Main

WHOLE EARTH

All Seasons Park: Georgia at Chilco: people's park; depends on you to build it; no govt. $

Save Stanley Park Entrance Comm: 224-7548; 683-2554; Stanley Park Defence Fund, PO Box 2843, Van. 3.

Joshua Recycling: 872-8674

Sierra Club: 224-6585

SPEC: 876-4131

Eco-Life: 733-6119, Barry

Greenpeace, Don't Make a Wave Committee: 254-5358

BC Land Info Cen: 254-7166

Recycling Glass: 6850 20th Ave., Bby, 526-4611.

WORK

Volunteers Unltd: 732-3237 if you want to get involved in community action, will refer to groups needing you.

Volunteer Bureau (United Appeal): 731-6168

BC Fed of Labour: 517 E. Broadway, 879-3568

Youth Employment Service: 224-3282.

Untd Farm Workers: 731-2608

Prov. Govt. Bd. of Industrial Relations, local 112: info. on min wage, holiday pay, overtime, etc. 684-8171.

NEIGHBOURHOOD

Mount Pleasant Info Cen: 395 E. 6th, 876-0822; incl. housing info; baby-sitt. service

Surrey Co-ord. Centre: 584-5513

Reach Info Centre: 1126 Commercial 254-2321

Kits People's Place: info cen, drop-in, day care. 738-9030. 2741 W. 4th, Mon-Fri 10 to 8 pm, Sat 10-6.

Speak-Easy: Rm 234 SUB, UBC, Mon-Fri 9 am-4:30 pm, 228-3700

Bulletin Board: West End Info Cen., 1068 Davie (basement) 687-4939 incl. tenants' help

West End: Gordon House, free aid, info. 1068 Davie, 683-2554, 9-5 pm.

IN PRINT

Georgia Straight: 56A Powell St. Van 4; 688-3686.

Pedestal: 511 Carrall St, 684-0523.

perSPECtive: 44. W. 6th, Van 10, 876-4131.

Tower: VCC, 100 W. 49th.

Peak: SFU, Bby.

Freespace: 685-1520

New Leaf: 1895 Venables 254-8727

Inter-High: 557 W.12th, Ht 14, Rainbow City Hall; 876-9949.

The Partisan: 399 W.5th, 874-6022

BC Access Catalogue: 876-7104

POLITICAL

Committee to Aid Amer. War Objectors: 628 E. Georgia St 255-1918

Free Quebec-Free Canada Comm: Box 2072, Van., 298-9638.

Industrial Workers of the World (Wobblies): 427 E.20th, 873-2109.

Vietnam Action Committee: 879-7011; #12, 2414 Main.

Friends of Guatemala: Box 6783, Sta. S, Van.16.

Committee to Defend Political Prisoners in Quebec: 4158 W.10th Ave., 224-4678.

Angela Davis Defence Committee: Elaine 987-4385, 1035 E.29th, North Van.

Action Canada: #402-1111 W. Georgia, Van.5.

Young Socialists: 688-5924.

Youngbloods: 255-3269

Partisan Party 874-6022

NUDIST

Traditional nude beach: Wreck Beach, west of UBC, south of both towers. Illegal but popular, minors rarely hassled. Don't gawk, participate!

West Can. Sunbathing Assoc.: Box 766, Sta. A, Vancouver.

Van Tans: P.O. Box 423, Stan. A, Van.

Sunny Trails: PO Box 806, Van 2, 581-1353

Meadowbrook Sun Club: PO Box 61, Surrey; 856-8113

Northwest (US) Sunbathing Assoc: PO Box 2036, Olympia, Wash 98501

MYSTICAL

Van Zen Cen: 139 Water St.

A&O Foundation: 876-4532

Transcend Medit: 266-0862

Intern'l. Medit. Soc: 688-1728

Sivananda Yoga/Vedanta: 733-3337.

Krishna Conscious: 254-7413

Shyam Yoga: 879-3703

Baha'i Faith: 435-3735.

Teen Challenge: 732-3511

Yoga-West Ashram: in White Rock 536-6702

Magshamin: Jewish 731-3201

WELFARE

Get advice BEFORE applying.

Unemployed Citizens Welfare

Improvement Council: 1726 W. 7th, 731-0131 & 1895 Venables St 255-8320

Van Welfare Rights Organization: 884 E. Georgia, 254-4035, single unit 534 Homer

BIG BROTHER

Time: 873-9555

Weather Dept: 273-2386

FOOD CO-OPS

C.A.S.: 299-0410

Cool-Aid: 738-5386

EDUCATION & ARTISTIC

Vancouver Free Univ: 254-8522, 1895 Venables. Speakers Bureau of the Free U: free guests for school class or groups.

Van Street Theatre: 254-7860

Kommie Kids 'toons: 261-1729

Intermedia: 255-7358.

Vanc Free Sound: 736-5759

Inter-High Stdt. Union (SAM): Neil 261-1947, Box 4887, Sta. C

Little People's Little School: Variety Cen 5120 Ontario St

Summer Free School: c/o In-Site 926-3920

Rainbow Com'cations Rsch: 2605 W. 5th, #1, 736-5759.

ETCETERA

Day Care Info: Mrs. Maycock 800 Cassiar, 299-9134

Cool-Aid: 736-9971, 1822 W. 7th, many services.

Better Business Bureau: info 682-2711, complaints 682-3433

X-Kalay Found: 879-0661.

Rainbow City Hall: 12th & Cambie, in annex huts. Info Centre 876-7104 or 876-7105. Inter-High (see newspapers). Window 872-1949. Crafts, 876-9511. Drop-In Centre. Daily.

Community Info Services: 731-7781

Vanc Tenants' Council: #4-199 E. 8th. 872-0296

Youth Action Service: Meet friends, discuss community action, Sun-Thur, 7-10 pm, 950 W. 41st Ave., 266-2396.

BCAACP: 2415 E. Hastings, 254-8822.

Inner City Service Project: 1895 Venables, 254-7166.

Project Involvement: communal house organising 681-9744

Drop-In: X-Kalay, 1956 W. Broadway; 731-8612

Out-of-town

KAMLOOPS, BC

Women's Hostel: YWCA, 4th & St. Paul St; register 6-11 pm; 50¢

Men's Hostel: Boys Club in KAA Hall; register 6-11 pm; 50¢

Kiosk: hostel info, west of town in Industrial Park

Christian Hostel (for men): 207 W. Victoria St. 372-3031

Hostel for Women: 476 Battle St., 372-5616

VICTORIA

Cool-Aid: 383-1951 anytime

Free Legal & Med'l Clinic: Mon. 8 pm, 1st Untd Church.

Abortion Council: 598-2121.

Krishna Conscious: 383-0378

Women's Lib: 384-5894.

24-hr: Need Crisis Line 386-6323

Nudist Club: Sol-Sante, P.O. Box 473

Alliance for Justice: 1118 Langley St.

Free Store: 335 Niagara St, James Bay, 382-1830

Low Income Group: 932 Balmoral St. 388-5312

Commte to Aid War Resisters, Box 43 or 581 Niagara St, 385-6939, 386-9898

Youth Industries (jobs) 932-Balmoral St. 388-5743

Recycling: Craig 388-9846

Amor de Cosmos Food Co-Op: 384-6347

NELSON, BC

Women's Lib: Bonnie Ann Dukwa, Chem Dept, NDU.

Nelson Youth Hostel: 303 Baker St; 352-7808

Crisis Centre: 230 Milton St.

PRINCE GEORGE

24 hr help: PG Crisis Centre 563-1214

Cool-Aid Hostel: 563-4747

Doo-Day-De-Claa Friendship House for Indians: 562-2616

Info Kiosk: 563-6500

MORE B.C.

Gibson's: Youth Cen. & helpline, 886-9893

Penticton: hostel placement 50¢, 493-1170; 250 Haynes St.

Nanaimo: Nanaimo Tans (nudist club) PO Box 448

Castlegar: youth Info Proj., Front St

EDMONTON

Highschool Independent Press Service: 10124-99 St c/o Y.O.U. 424-4648

C.H.A.O.S.: hostel referral; coffeehouse; legal & medical aid; Church in the Streets; Odd Job; all at 10172-98th St, 424-5060

Gays: confidential, ask for Michael Roberts at C.H.A.O.S.

TRUST: Drug Crisis Cen 9917 116 St, 542-2335.

Abortion refer: Maureen 482-3087; Judy 482-7213; Isis II 424-9615

NRP / HP: 10124 98th St, 424-4648, 434-6610, 439-8272

Nudist Club: Helios Edmonton, P.O. Box 222

Movement Resource Service: 423-3298

Nudist Club: Glenden Park, PO Box 1261, Edmtn 15

Newspaper: Ragtimes 11143 83rd Ave.

Advaita Yoga Club: free classes, Meditation Rm, SUB, Univ of Alberta

Soft Machine: crashing 11414-100 Ave.

Y.O.U.: Youth Opportunities Unltd, problems, projects, 10124 99 St, 424-4648

Gay Info: Box 41, Winterburn

Gay info: Robin Young, Box 5264, Sta. E; 482-6790

Free U: 432-5327

CALGARY

Drug Info Cen: 628-11th Ave. SW, 266-1605, 24 hrs.

Eco-Centre: 1001 7th Ave SW 263-6106

Aardvark Enterprise: Yippie! Box 4483, Sta C, Calg. 3

Crisis Cen: Dial BUGDESK for info, or someone to talk to 284-3375

Committee on War Immigrants: PO Box 3234 Stn. B; 269-4176

Nudist Club: Sunny Chinooks, PO Box 133

Gay Info: Box 4301 Stn. C

Roundhouse: transient info, 9 am-1am, 262-1780, 332 6th Ave SW

Drop-in for transients: annex 223 12th Ave. SW

JASPER, ALTA

IF Youth Emergency Services: transient aid, medical, info, drug help. Bryan or Adrien 852-4955, Jasper Curling Rink

LETHBRIDGE, ALBERTA

Central Youth Hostel: 9th St & 5th Ave South

Messenger: referral, legal aid, liberation. 5th Ave & 9th St, 328-9229, 328-5183

SASKATOON

Gay Lib: PO Box 3043

Nudist Club: Havatans, PO Box 1281

WINNIPEG

Nudist Club: Crocus Grove, PO Box 314

Nudist Club: Manitoba Outdoor Club, PO Box 595

Committee to Assist War Objectors: 175 Colony St (204) 774-9323

Nude arts group: A. Tam, PO Box 143, St. James, Winn.12.

Free legal aid: 7-9 pm, Mon & Wed, 322 Main, phone 942-3986 any time.

WHERE TO GET THE STRAIGHT

(These stores have nice shopkeepers, so go there!)

Need help? Here are some of the best groups. To get involved with truly relevant organisations, most of these have a place for you. If you want a listing of your group, send it in. The list is updated constantly.

SOUTH FRASER — North to South

- Disco Mart . . . . . 4121 Fraser
- Bayview Food Market . . . 4287 Fraser
- J. Tong & Co. . . . . 6027 Fraser
- Harry's Produce . . . . . 6281 Fraser

FAIRVIEW — West to Eas

- Joe's Mini Mart . . . . . 1603 W. 7th Ave.
- Mayfair Newsstand . . . . . 1515 W. Broadway
- V.I.P. Newsstand . . . . . 2440 Granville
- Broadway Food Market . . 1400 W. Broadway

CEDAR COTTAGE — West to East

- Lum's Grocery . . . . . 644 Kingsway
- Smart's Grocery . . . . . 863 Kingsway
- Marr's Market . . . . . 1098 E. 14th Ave.
- W.B. Market . . . . . 1310 Kingsway
- Action United Pharmacy . . 1368 Kingsway
- Sally's Market . . . 2785 Commercial Dr.
- Golden West Grocery . . . . . 1757 Kingsway
- Premium Grocery . . . . . 3012 Nanaimo
- Kingsway Mart . . . . . 2101 Kingsway

COLLINGWOOD — West to East

- United Food Market . . . . 2539 Kingsway
- King's Grocery . . . . . 2774 Kingsway
- Supreme Groceteria . . . . . 3157 Kingsway
- Mayfair Grocery . . . . . 3491 Kingsway

S. MAIN ST. — North to South

- New York News & Novelty . . 2429 Main
- Mt. Pleasant Grocery . . . . 2693 Main St
- Hap's Corner Store . . . . . 3707 Main
- Aardvark Books & Art . . . . . 4185 Main
- Shum Organic Foods . . . . . 4366 Main
- Paul's Market . . . . . 5993 Main
- Tam's Grocery . . . . . 6607 Main
- Joy Grocery . . . . . 7007 Main
- Hilltop Grocery . . . . . 7506 Main

S. Cambie Area — North to South

- Lowe's Grocery . . . . . 2915 Cambie
- Excel Grocery . . . . . 3195 Heather
- Golden Star Grocery 698 W.16th
- Ever Handy Produce . . . . . 3309 Cambie
- Polar Bear Books . . . . . 3456 Cambie
- VCC Bookstore . . . . . 49th & Cambie

Grandview — West to East

- A & B Grocery . . . . . Victoria & 3rd
- Friendly Grocery . . . . . 1894 Victoria
- Bizarre Trading . . . . . 601 Victoria
- Chuck's Grocery . . . . . 2076 Venables
- Chow Grocery . . . . . 2104 E. Hastings
- Brenda Grocery . . . . . 2443 Nanaimo
- Sue's Market (Sandy's) . . . . . 2549 E. Hastings
- Templeton Market . . . . . 127 N. Templeton
- Poon's MM Grocery . . . . . 200 N. Penticton
- Lee's Grocery . . . . . 291 N. Renfrew
- Slocan Grocery . . . . . 630 Slocan

East End — West to East

- Jack Young Grocery . . . . . 646 Main
- New World Grocery . . . . . 398 Powell
- Lee's Grocery . . . . . 500 E. Hastings
- Benny's Grocery . . . . . 598 Union
- Gomes Grocery . . . . . 810 Union

Gastown — West to East

- Yecrafte Shoppe . . . . . 317A Cambie
- Yellow Submarine . . . . . 317 Cambie
- Gastown Books . . . . . 315 Cambie
- Dresser Drawer Boutique . . . . . 348 Water
- Leather & Things . . . . . 137 Water
- Kushion Kapers . . . . . 135 Water
- Rumplestiltskins . . . . . #1, Trounce Alley
- Georgia Straight Office . . . . . 56A Powell
- Ruckett's Grill . . . . . 111 Alexander
- Legal Front . . . . . 216 Powell
- Keith's Place . . . . . 253 Powell

West End — West to East

- Beau Brummel . . . . . 1779 1/2 W. Georgia
- Philosopher's Stone . . . . . 937 Davie
- Shape Unisex Hair Design . . . . . 1125 Robson
- Duthie Books . . . . . 919 Robson
- Record Gallery . . . . . 912 Robson

Downtown — West to East

- Opus 69 . . . . . 680 Robson
- Stereomart . . . . . 613 Granville
- Poster World . . . . . 942 Granville
- Podum Chamber . . . . . 1083 Granville
- News Depot . . . . . 1097 Granville
- Vanguard Books . . . . . 1208 Granville
- Occidental Foodland . . . . . 514 W. Pender
- Dominion confectionary . . . . . 345 W. Pender
- Gabor's Boots & Shoe Renue . . . . . 334 Carrall
- Gabor's Custom Boots . . . . . 66 E. Hastings
- Universal News . . . . . 112 E. Hastings
- Nordic Newsstand . . . . . 146 E. Hastings
- International News . . . . . 169 E. Hastings

West Pt. Grey — West to East

- Duthie Books . . . . . 4560 W.10th Ave.
- Sasamat Grocery . . . . . 4498 W. 6th Ave.
- Ragmire Handicrafts . . . . . 4474 W.10th Ave.
- Bill Lewis Music . . . . . 3645 W. Broadway
- Alma Market . . . . . 3643 W.4th Ave.
- Kay's Market . . . . . 3406 W. Broadway
- Blenheim Food Market . . . . . 3303 W.4th Ave.
- Grin Bin . . . . . 3209 W. Broadway

Kits

- Bayview Dairy . . . . . 3103 W.4th Ave.
- 99 Market . . . . . 3024 W. Broadway
- Rohan Record Store . . . . 2865 W.4th Ave.
- Kelly-Deyong Sound . . . . 2714 W. Broadway
- Odd Shoppe . . . . . 2648 W.4th Ave
- Barry's Bazaar . . . . . 2625 W.4th Ave.
- Kelly-Deyong Sound House . . . . . 2617 W.4th Ave.
- Auction Barn . . . . . 2031 W.4th Ave.
- Tansar Crafts . . . . . 2002 W.4th Ave.
- Cail's Grocery . . . . . 2143 Yew
- Cottage Grocery . . . . . 2360 Yew
- Arbutus Grocery . . . . . 2200 Arbutus
- Cypress Confectionary . . . . . 1903 W.4th Ave.
- King's Confectionary . . . . . 1823 W.4th Ave.
- Vanc. Health Foods Ltd. . . . . 1818 W.4th Ave

Other Vancouver — West to East

- Union Jacks & Jeans . . . . . W.Blvd. & 37th Ave.
- Victoria Food Store . . . . . 5397 Victoria

Burnaby — West to East

- The Trader . . . . . 3736 E. Hastings
- Axis Music Stores . . . . . 3752 E. Hastings
- Pacific News & Novelty . . . . . 4587 Kingsway
- Bell Drugs . . . . . 4645 Kingsway
- CNIB Newsstand . . . . . SFU
- Student Bookstore . . . . . SFU

North Van — West to East

- Williams Dairy . . . . . 1635 Marine Drive
- Queens Market . . . . . Queens & Edgemont
- Gilbey Music . . . . . 1061 Marine Drive
- Music World . . . . . store #3, Capilano Mall
- Yuen Chew . . . . . 135 Lonsdale
- The Good Earth Leather Smithe . . . 238 Lonsdale
- The Whatever Shoppe 109 E.2nd
- Lonsdale Market . . . . . 1837 Lonsdale
- Ying Chow . . . . . 25th & Lonsdale

West Van — West to East

- Harry's Market . . . . . 2464 Marine
- Ling's Market . . . . . 2102 Marine
- Westgate Market . . . . . 1854 Marine
- Lowe's Fruit Market . . . . . 1574 Marine
- Rumplestiltskins . . . . . The Village Square

LOWER MAINLAND — West to East

- Joint Effort . . . . . 1548 Marine Dr., White Rock
- Dimart Grocery . . . . . 15025 Marine Dr, White Rock
- Knothole Bookstore . . 10433 King Geo. Hwy, Surrey
- Both Sides Unlte . . . . 10737 "
- Vern's Bookstore . . . 13527 "
- Earth-Items . . . . . 22364 Lougheed Highway, Maple Ridge, Haney
- Universal Shop . . . . 33079 Main St, Mission City
- The Shire . . . . . Hope

OTHER MAINLAND BC — West to East

- Nora's Corner . . . 301 McBride St., Prince Rupert
- The Flatbush Ave Freighter . . . . . 4548 Lakelse Ave, Terrace
- The Pleasure Shoppe . . 4465a Marine, Powell River
- The Legal Front . . . . . Mallorn Tree, Sechelt
- Pat's New . . . . 1685 3rd Ave, Prince George
- The Main St Exit . . . 207 Main St, Penticton
- Up Theaside Door . . . . 1493 Water St, Kelowna

Victoria

- Palace News . . . . . 920 Government
- Baggins . . . . . 1014 Government
- Poster Factory . . . . . 1322 Government
- Joyful Sound . . . . . 1118 Langley
- Calendula . . . . . 1413 Store St.
- Fort News . . . . . 628 Fort St.
- Modern Sound . . . . . 766 Fort St.
- Kelly-Deyong . . . . . 648 Yates
- Munroe's Books . . . . . 753 Yates
- Shy Violet Boutique . . . . . 45 Bastion Sq.
- The Record Gallery . . . . . 730 View St.
- Kelly-Deyong . . . . . 1648 Hillside Ave.
- Univ of Vic Bookstore
- Ivy's Books . . . . . 1507 Wilmot Pl., Oak Bay

OTHER VAN IS — West to Eas

- Owl Bookstore . . . . . Tahsis
- Smoke Shop . . . 1080 Island Hwy, Campbell River
- Ice Arts . . . . 150 Johnston Rd, Port Alberni
- Surf & Sand . . . 447 Island Hwy, Qualicum Beach
- Garner's Health . . . . . Craig St, Parksville
- Summer Store . . . 251 Island Hwy, Parksville
- Plaza News . . . . Country Club Plaza, Wellington
- The Gift Gallery . . . . 87 Wharf St., Nanaimo

YUKON

- Mac's Newsstand . . . . . Whitehorse
- Uyarak Sound . . . . Polaris Block, Whitehorse

Calgary

- Billy's News . . . . . 138 9th Ave. S.W.
- Body Shop . . . . . 304 8th Ave. S.E.
- Big Ben Tobacconist . . . Brentwood Shopping Cen.
- Zodiac Zoo . . . . . Palliser Sq.
- Nynorfk Belt & Boutique . . . 1207 B 1st St.S.W.
- Laughing Rooster Bookstore . . . . . 1105 Macleod Trail S.E.
- Lord Wolf . . . . . 819 1st Ave. S.W.
- Now Co. Boutique . . . . . 329 8th Ave. S.E.
- University Co-Op Bookstore . . . . . Rm 318A Macewan Hall
- Opus '69 . . . . . 2nd floor, 229-8 Ave SW

Edmonton

- Opus 69 . . . . . 10448 Jasper Ave.
- Art Mart . . . . . 10154 103 St.
- Hippogrif . . . . . 106 Ave. & 101 St.
- Soft Machine II . . . . . 11414-100 Ave.
- Tape and Record Peddlar . . . . . 10722 101 St.
- Vanguard Hall . . . . . 10402 97 St.

OTHER ALBERTA

- Bookstore . . . . . Univ. of Lethbridge
- Banff Book & Art Den . . . . . Banff

Saskatchewan

- Reader's Paradise & The Randy Kitchen . . . . . 2007-12th Ave, Regina
- Sol Store . . . . . 650 Broadway Ave, Saskatoon

Winnipeg

- Earth People Ltd. . . . . 129 Osborne St.S
- Opus 69 . . . . . 264 Kennedy St.
- The Autumn Store . . . . . 413 Graham Ave.
- Discount News . . . . . 498 Portage Ave.
- Straight 3 Boutique . . . . . 1132 Main St.

Ontario

- The Boorazine . . . . . 50 Paxman Rd, Unit 6, Etobicoke
- the Bookshop . . . . . S. Algoma St., Port Arthur
- The Bookstore . . . . . 174 Rideau St., Ottawa
- The Emporium . . . . . 815 1/2 Bank St., Ottawa
- Guerilla . . . . . 201 Queen St. E., Toronto
- The Book Cellar . . . 142 Yorkville Ave., Toronto
- Lichtman's News Dept. . . . . 112 York St., Toronto

Foreign

- Resistance Bookshop, 154 Willis St., Wellington, New Zealand
- Kazoo Bookstore, 940 N. Faintax, L.A., Calif.
- IDC Bookstore, 1408 N.E. 2nd, Seattle, Wash.
- East Side Bookstore, 34 St. Mark's Pl., New York City
- Free People's Store, 122 Meyran Ave., Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

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